Hannictober Prompt Fills

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Hannictober Prompt Fills

by DrJLecter

Summary

Following the #Hannictober 2018 prompts this will be a collection of short ficlets of various scenarios with Will and Hannibal being soft idiots in love or falling in love because I need soft and gentle when the world out there is burning to its grounds.

Ch 1: Sick Will gets a surprise visit.
Ch 2: Hannibal picks up Will for a trip.
Ch 3: Will summons a Crossroads Demon.
Ch 4: Dusk in Hannibal's life.
Ch 5: Beverly's costume party.
Ch 6: A special bonfire at Will's house.
Ch 7: Young boy Will gets lost and found.
Ch 8: Reaper Will meets Reaper Hannibal.
Ch 9: Hannibal's life in the orphanage (warning: ANGST)
Ch 10: Hannibal's gift to Will.
Ch 11: AU Will studies in Lithuania and there's an old haunted castle.
Ch 12: Will is a a little shit and Hannibal still loves him.
Ch 13: A quiet misty morning in Will's life.
Ch 14: Someone is a vampire.
Ch 15: Hannibal gets a bloody surprise.
Ch 16: Team Sassy Science.
Ch 17: Continues Ch 3
Ch 18: A day in the life of witch!Bedelia.
Ch 19: Will ponders over his life.

Notes

Thank you Llew, for squeeing with me and flailing with me every step of the way!

Pumpkin Spice

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was utterly and terribly miserable. The cold had hit him out of nowhere; a nasty bug that seemed to suck the life out of him for days now. He was cold and aching and his head was a hammering point of pain.

He'd buried himself back into his bed after letting the dogs out, the cold air causing a coughing fit that had his chest hurting for minutes after.

A soft knock on the door woke him from a restless slumber and Will groaned when he saw that it was almost dark outside and the dogs were probably desperate to get back in by now.

"Will?"

He blinked against the sudden blinding beam of a flashlight.

Will groped to his right until he found the light switch of his bedside lamp.

"Dr. Lecter?" he mumbled, his foggy brain still trying to catch up with the fact that his therapist was standing next to his bed in his house.

"Will. You are sick."

The statement had Will cough out a laugh that ended in a low sound of pain.

That spurred the man into action. He turned around to close the front door, took off his coat afterwards and put his bag next to Will's bed. With something akin to shock, Will watched Hannibal get busy as if he's lived here for years now.

He lit up the fire in the fireplace before vanishing into the kitchen. Will stared after him, wondering if he was hallucinating.

He knew Hannibal had found the dog food in the fridge when all of the dogs perked up at the same time, noses in the air, before scrambling on the wooden floor, each eager to get into the kitchen before the rest.

A moment later, the man returned, sans jacket and with rolled up shirt sleeves, to get his bag. He glanced at Will, eyes sweeping over his form with the critical eye of a doctor, before vanishing again.

Will let himself fall back into his bed with a sigh. He was a sweaty mess, hair plastered to his head and shirt glued to his skin. Disgusting. He pulled a face, but his resolve to get up and get cleaned up never made it into actual movement. Every bone in his body hurt and his skin felt as if needles per pricking him everywhere.

“Will.”

He jerked up, hands tangled in the sheets, and found himself face to face with a hot and steaming bowl.

“Pumpkin soup. It will warm you and soothe some of the pain.”

Hannibal’s voice was soft and low and Will relaxed against the headboard.

“Thanks,” he mumbled while reaching for the bowl. “You didn’t have to. I’ll be back on my feet in a few days. Sorry for missing the appointment.”

The cold prevented him from tasting or smelling a lot, but Will was sure it was delicious.

Hannibal gingerly sat down on the edge of the bed.

“It’s quite alright, Will.”

Will glanced up to the man. He was slightly blurred without his glasses, bathed in the soft light of his bedside lamp and the fireplace on the other side of the room.

Now, he saw that he was also holding one of Will’s coffee mugs in his hands. The aroma of the content was strong enough to penetrate his stuffy nose and Will’s eyes widened.

“Is that….?”

“Pumpkin Spice Latte. Although not my preferred kind of hot beverage, but I thought you might appreciate it.”

Will knew, he was imagining it when he thought Hannibal was blushing, but he couldn’t stop the smile spreading over his face.

Nobody had made him pumpkin soup and a pumpkin spice latte in all of his life and the fact that his therapist was the person to be the first was pretty telling about how his life was doing. He shifted under the blanket and could feel his embarrassment rising.

“Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome. I will leave you to it then. I will make sure to check in on you tomorrow after my last appointment. Please stay hydrated and wash the old sweat away to help you stay warm.”

If Will wouldn’t know better, he’d say Hannibal was flustered and it helped to keep himself from furiously blushing.

“I will. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

A few moments later, Hannibal had grabbed his coat and closed the door behind himself. He stared into his bowl to make sure he hadn’t actually dreamed the whole encounter and that Hannibal hadn’t been a ghost. It was almost Halloween after all.

Chapter End Notes

My writing muse had left me, but these prompts seem to have woken her again, so please be patient, but I'm confident that I will be able to continue with my Harry Potter WIP once Halloween has passed. Thank you for everyone who still has confidence in me and stays with me.

Apple Picking

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal and Will go apple picking. Also: Hannibal should have been less of a bastard more often in s1.

“Are you serious?” Will barely stopped himself from openly gaping.

“Why not? I think you would benefit from an activity that doesn’t include murder, violence and blood and I would welcome the company.”

He kept staring, not sure how to process Hannibal wearing linen slacks, a soft and warm looking sweater and being unshaved.

He looked *approachable* and Will didn’t quite know how to deal with that.

“It’s a public orchard and you could bring the dogs.”

Will looked around at his dogs milling around the house, sniffing and running. It was a beautiful autumn day, the air fresh and crisp and the sun illuminating the red and yellow colours of the trees beautifully. Initially he’d planned to simply push the motor he was currently tinkering with in front of his barn to work outside and enjoy the weather, but he was loath to admit that Hannibal’s plan sounded better.

“Yeah, okay, sure. I’ll just get dressed properly and get Winston. Not sure your car is up to all of them.”

Hannibal seemed very much relieved on both accounts and Will turned away with a smile.

In the end, Will felt generous and provided a thick blanket straight from his wardrobe for Hannibal’s Bentley, so Winston didn’t scratch or dirty the leather.

The orchard itself was a seemingly endless field of rows after rows of apple trees, standing close enough together that it wasn’t possible to look further than a few yards. There were other people around, but few enough that after walking for a minute or two, their sounds got swallowed and nobody was to be seen anymore.

It felt as if they were entirely alone with chittering birds, a breeze rustling through the leaves and the sun on their faces.

Winston had taken immediately to burying his nose in the leaves on the ground, hunting for rodents and insects while Hannibal put the baskets he’d brought on the ground.

Will let out a deep breath and felt himself relax. This was peaceful. The air smelled like mushrooms, ripe apples, wet leaves, with a hint of something sharper and cooler.

Hannibal had already gotten one of the provided ladders and searched for the spot with the best apples. The fruit were big, bowing the tree's branches to the ground, and all of them looked red and juicy.

He hurried to help once Hannibal started climbing up the ladder, holding it tight in his hands when he felt it swaying under the heavy man. He pointedly avoided to look at how the slacks hugged Hannibal's form.

"What are you planning on doing with the apples? You brought enough baskets to get a supply for several years."

"Don't be dramatic, Will," the man called down from between the branches. "There are countless recipes from all over the world. The amount of apple pie recipes alone fills books."

He sounded so indignant, Will had to smile. Hannibal launched a speech about pies, relishes and roasted apples and Will could almost smell the sweet fragrance of cinnamon in the air while imagining Hannibal dancing through his kitchen, cutting, seasoning, peeling.

The muffled thump of an apple hitting the soft ground next to him woke him out of his trance like state.

"My apologies."

Will looked up and before he realized what's going on, he had a heavy basket filled to the top with apples thrust into his arms. Hannibal's face was flushed and his eyes were shining with satisfaction and contentment.

There was an unsteady fluttering in Will's chest and he lowered his head to hide his eyes behind his glasses.

It took them most of the day to fill the rest of the baskets and by the time they had loaded them all into the car, the sun was setting in a blazing sunset, bathing the whole sky in blinding colours of red and orange.

Winston had settled in the backseat immediately, tongue lolling out and falling asleep a moment later.

It had been a good day and Will was glad Hannibal had picked him up for this trip. The next time they saw each other was either in therapy or for a gruesome murder, so this had been a nice change to the routine.

Hannibal dropped him off with a soft smile on his lips. Will didn't need to tell Hannibal how much he'd liked today. He was absolutely sure the man knew and would be standing in front of his door for various trips more often from now on.

Will didn't mind as much as he should. Not at all.

Cross Roads

Chapter Summary

No Halloween without something supernatural x)

Hannibal didn't know what he'd expected the crossroads demon to look like, but this was not it.

When he'd finished the spell and ritual, the world around him had turned into a violent bloody red, the sun vanishing in a black sky and sharp winds whipping in scalding hot temperatures across the empty barren plane that had been an italian forest just moments ago.

He'd waited for an inhuman form to appear in his laid out circle, anything with the proverbial horns and hooves to something with tentacles or just a wisp of black smoke.

The creature appearing in his summoning circle was, weirdly enough, looking like a shockingly ordinary and normal man. He was maybe a bit on the unkempt side with unruly dark locks and old worn clothes.

Hannibal straightened his posture and took a step closer which got the attention of the demon.

His dark gaze seemed to strip Hannibal to the bones. Piercing, knowing and slightly annoyed.

"You couldn't have waited a few more moments? That fish was huge and now I got nothing for dinner," he snapped.

Hannibal froze, because what?

Determined to keep this encounter on track, he ignored how *rude* this demon was and collected himself.

"My apologies. It was not my intention to disturb you in such a crass manner. I have summoned you…"

"I know why you've summoned me. It's always the same. Money, love, revenge, etc etc etc." The demon widened his stance and crossed his arms in front of his chest; the perfect picture of anger and impatience.

Hannibal had a hard time keeping his composure now. He prided himself for having exceptional patience for someone his young age, but this creature tested its limits.

"I have money, I don't care for love and I intend to seek revenge on my own. These are not wishes I have. I would not have called for you, if it would be that simple," he said with the

most level of voices he could find in himself.

That caught the creatures attention. It let its arms drop to its side and stepped forward until it almost touched the invisible barrier holding it captive. There was a slight crackling sound of electricity in the air.

“What is it then, that you seek, boy?”

“I seek immunity. To be undetectable.”

The demon tilted his head and looked. Really looked, and Hannibal felt stripped down to his soul.

“What a cunning boy you are. I haven’t seen one of your level in some time, especially not from such a young age on. Deadly, vicious and smart and you *know* it. Do you think your sister would approve of what you did and what you plan on doing?” he purred.

Hannibal went still.

“She is not here to tell me. She won’t ever tell me anything again and I plan on making the men who took her from me pay.”

The demon smiled then and for the first time, Hannibal realized how handsome he was.

“What are you willing to pay me then, Hannibal? Nothing comes without a price, especially not deals with a crossroads demon.”

Hannibal startled at the sound of his name, but he should have expected it. This was a supernatural creature after all and they were standing at the border between their two worlds.

“I think the standard price is a soul, is it not? My soul in particular.”

The demon’s smile faded.

“And you would give it to me. Just like that.”

Hannibal took a deep breath, smelling sulfur and heat and burning flames.

The demon’s eyes softened and Hannibal wanted to cut those blue eyes out of his skull, to crush the sympathy out of them. He didn’t want any sympathy.

“I will accept the deal, but I have conditions. I will protect you. I will help you. No investigation, no police force will ever find enough evidence to jail you, to prosecute you. You will be free for as long as the contract lasts. I know you are smart enough to manage it on your own, but nobody is perfect. ”

Hannibal took a deep relieved breath. He didn’t care for the conditions the demon will place on him. He’d gotten what he wanted.

“Name your price then, demon.”

“You are young, Hannibal. Not even 20 years old. My condition is that you will live your life to the fullest. You will enjoy yourself, everything your world has to offer for someone with such refined *tastes* as you.”

Hannibal frowned.

“This does not sound as if there will be anything in it for you. What is the catch?”

The demon’s eyes sparkled with mischief and flames.

“No catch. I just want you to enjoy your life and shape the people around you. You will know why when I come to collect my price.”

“And when will that be?” Hannibal asked with a sigh.

“When your soul is ripe.”

“Of course.”

“Can we do this now? There’s a river waiting for me and my dogs probably miss me.”

Hannibal stared at the demon, this unlikely creature that will hold his soul in his hands to collect whenever he deemed it *ripe*. He should be terrified, mourning his lost life, but he just felt relief. He wondered if it was partly because of the demon’s harmless and soft look.
He stepped closer and with a swift kick, he disrupted the circle of drying goat’s blood. The crack of a lightning bolt made him finch and then the demon was in his personal space, hot breath on Hannibal’s face.

“You know how to seal a deal?” he murmured and Hannibal shivered. The creature wasn’t much taller and broader than he was, but suddenly he felt small and unimportant. He swallowed hard and just nodded, his mouth dry.

Warm and soft lips touched his a moment later and it was the most physical contact he’d had in years and he couldn’t prevent the quiet moan escaping his throat. The hint of tongue caused flames to lick along his spine and he leaned into the contact, searching for more.

The demon drew back, eyes dark and intense.

“I’m Will. I am going to protect you. Remember me. Remember to live until I come and get you.”

“I will.”

“Good. Goodbye Hannibal. Until we see us again.”

One moment later, Hannibal was back in the italian forest, standing alone at the crossroad of several small paths. The only thing indicating something had happened was the ring of goat’s blood on the ground, but now it was a burned out line, still slightly smoking.

He stroked with his hands over his suit jacket and turned around, ready to find the men who destroyed everything and then he would live his life, just like the demon, *Will* had told him to.

Dusk

Chapter Summary

Hannibal has some deep thoughts about what dusk means in his life. And Will Graham.

Dusk was Hannibal Lecter's favourite time of the day.

The moment the sun set, life changed. The *rhythm* of life changed. Animals went to sleep, others woke up. The air changed from daylight to nightfall winds. Everything quietened down.

In winter, his last patients would leave at dusk. He would light the fire to bathe everything in soft orange light and spread the delicate fragrance of burning cherry wood. The gentle crackling sound would ease his mind into relaxation and he would work on his last reports in peaceful atmosphere while nursing an excellent wine.

In Spring, the sunsets would throw their last rays of light onto the wet and snowy streets, but the light would be the sign of hope, of growing life and oncoming warmth. Its light would be welcomed and getting brighter each day, pushing the darkness backwards.

Dusk would now be filled with food preparations. The last bluish spots in the sky would be vanishing while he seasoned the meat or formed delicate flowers out of slices of ham or tomatoes before sitting down at his dining table to enjoy his cooking.

Summer would mean a late dusk. He'd be done with cooking, finished eating and putting away the cleaned dishes before the last sunlight had even vanished. He would open the windows and the doors to his small garden to let in the first cool breeze of the day, breathe in the warm air filled with heavy pollen and flowers and the buzzing of insects.

Autumn would be soaked in melancholy of passing summer. Dying leaves in all colours covered the streets and gardens; rain pelting against windows and roofs. The fog would be rising over rivers and cool meadows once the sun had vanished. Hannibal loved walking through the utterly quiet spaces swallowing his steps, his breath fogging in front of him for the first time in months.

Dusk was the time Hannibal prepared and executed most of his hunts. Prey would be less suspecting, tired of the day behind them and already fading into the night ahead. Easier. Less likely to get blood on his clothes or ruin a perfectly fine plan.

Recently though? Recently, his routines and rituals had changed dramatically.

He now preferred to spend his evenings standing among a group of trees, hidden in shadows of the falling night, watching Will Graham spending *his* evening rituals.

In winter times, he missed dusk with Will, because he had to finish his work first. The man was usually sitting at his desk, writing or reading by the time he arrived. Hannibal loved watching him through the windows.

During summer, Will loved sitting on his porch. Drink in hand, to guarding his dogs milling around the house. He would stare into the distance, eyes unfocused, body still.

Hannibal often thought about walking up to the house, sitting next to the man and simply start a conversation to figure out that fascinating mind.

Sometimes, when the nightingales around him ceased their song for the night, he wondered what he was doing there. Standing in the falling night, moisture seeping into his clothes, but then Will stared out of the window directly into his direction and the thrill of not knowing if he'd been found out and tolerated as a ghostly presence around the house made him come back the next night.

Will was like a drug and Hannibal was falling into the addiction consciously and purposely. He was absolutely sure that Will would figure him out at some point. So far his encephalitis made him doubt his senses, but if he should survive, Hannibal knew that the days of their truce were limited. He was looking forward to their first open confrontation.

He had a feeling it might be happening during dusk.

Costume Party

Chapter Summary

Beverly invites Will to her Halloween Party. Hannibal already agreed to go. Well damn.

“No.”

“Oh, come onnnnnnn, Will!”

“Whining is not attractive.”

“I don’t need to be attractive. I need you to come to my costume party.”

“Bev. No.” He pointedly turned back to his lunch, a poorly cooked piece of meat accompanied by a heap of soggy beans and bland mashed potatoes. He missed Hannibal’s chicken soup a lot right now.

Beverly shuffled closer to him with her chair, pressing to his side, their trays side by side. Hers was filled with a salad drowning in some sort of dressing.

She leaned in and out of the corner of his eyes, he saw her smiling. Never a good sign.

“Dr. Lecter will be there,” she whispered in a cospirational tone.

Will froze, his mind conjuring up a million different scenarios why Hannibal would accept an invitation to such a crass event, clearly meant to be silly and get everyone drunk. He forced himself to relax a moment later, refusing to take that bait, no matter how much he wanted to react to these news.

She gave up after a few seconds and gave him his personal space back with a dramatic sigh.

“You’re such a bore, Graham. You need to relax some more. We’re your friends and would like to spend some time with you that doesn’t involve bloody murder and gruesome killers.”

Will felt instantly bad. Beverly always went out and about to include him in activities, even though generally unwanted and rejected, it was never meant in a malicious or demeaning way. She genuinely wanted him to participate.

“Promise not to involve me in some ridiculous games and don’t expect me to appear costumed,” he finally relented.

Her face lit up and she did a fistpump into the air.

“Pinky promise!” She grinned wide and Will had the painful feeling of doom crawling up his spine.

He hadn’t had the chance to bring the whole thing up in his sessions with Hannibal, or maybe he’d been too scared to talk about it. What would he even say? *Hey, I’ve heard you’ll come to Beverly’s Halloween Party; any particular reason besides watching me making a fool out of myself?*

Will stayed true to his warning and didn’t attempt at any sort of costume. He did wear one of his nicer shirts and pants though. A dark blue button down shirt and black dress pants. Beverly had said he looked “dashing” in it.

Beverly’s flat was a mix of modern art furniture, clean and built of metal and glass, with the most bizzare clutter scattered over every surface and Will surprisingly felt quite comfortable.

The kitchen table and island were filled with plates and bowls of food. Finger food next to salads and sausages, chicken wings and popcorn, but most of all he was happy to see the wide range of alcohol and spirits in the living room. The decoration wasn’t *too* terrible, mostly pumpkins, skulls and some fake spiders and spider webs combined with cute figurines.

He guessed being confronted with the daily horrors of humanity resulted in less horrifying halloween decorations.

He’d arrived barely acceptable late, but he knew Beverly would forgive him.

He immediately saw Zeller and Price next to the sound system, probably arguing over the music choice. Price was wearing a... giant bee costume? He wasn’t sure what Zeller was supposed to be, but his grasp on current pop culture was feeble at best.

He’d thought he managed quite well. He was here, he was eating the provided food, he was drinking the drinks, even though he avoided the punch and he even talked to people.

He’d said hello to Bev (an impressive portrayal of a dangerous witch), greeted the rest of the science team and listened to Jack recalling about a dozen Halloween parties of his life. Jack came as a pirate. The whole package, from high heeled black boots, to white blouse, black cape, eye patch and high leather hat. He was an even more impressive figure in this outfit, taking in even more space than usual.

During all of this he was on the edge, looking out for Hannibal in every movement in the rooms and corners. He didn’t see him and it made him nervous. When Hannibal said he would be somewhere, he was there.

Will refused to ask Beverly. He would not bare himself like that.

He felt the moment Hannibal stepped into the flat. There was a ripple in the crowd; the murmurs intensified and the whole atmosphere changed as if the man had the ability to influence the air itself.

When Will finally spotted Hannibal, he almost dropped his drink.

Hannibal was a *vampire*.

He was wearing one of his more garish three piece suits and a simple red cape with a high collar (a closer look revealed it to be brocade wtf), but what killed Will, was the makeup. He'd lightened up his skin, by just one or two shades, and put on black eyeliner. The effect was striking and Will had trouble to find his breath again.

Dark eyes found his instantly and Will stood frozen in his corner, unable to move as if under a spell.

Hannibal threw him a small gentle smile and Will couldn't breathe. He had to get out.

He lifted his drink to Hannibal and downed it in one swift swallow, put the glass to the table next to him and ran.

Stupid costume parties, stupid costumes, stupid makeup, stupid stupid stupid.

Will knew how to run from social gatherings and he used his skill to vanish.

He would face the ridicule of his colleagues and Hannibal's gentle admonishment when he had to, but for now he just needed to breathe fresh air and not think of Hannibal in black eyeliner.

Bonfire

Chapter Summary

A reinvented and changed office scene where Will and Hannibal burn the files and that fateful moment where Hannibal smelled Freddie Lounds.

Chapter Notes

I'm already two days behind and it will become even more. I will be in an offline place without laptop and phone connection for the following two weeks. I will try to write by hand so I just have to type them when I get back, but not sure I will have the time >__<

The huge fire was blazing high into the sky, spewing flames and sparks upwards, taken on by the wind and carried in erratic circles up into the dark night.
The heat of the flames had him standing a few feet away. Anything too close was a painful burn across his face and uncomfortable even through his clothes. The weather had still not let go of the never ending summer this year, bringing up to 90° at the end of October, but with descending night the temperatures dropped significantly.

Will stared into the bright orange and yellow light, feeling forlorn.

With a crackle, one of the bigger pieces burst apart and went up in a blazing explosion.

Will recognized his old wardrobe giving way, revealing some left over parts of chairs and cupboards.

Watching his old household go up in flames caused some conflicting and hard to name emotions in him. He was missing the expected shock and horror about his own decisions, but the relief of closing a finished chapter of his life like this wasn't there either.

Instead, there was some sort of annoyance and impatience he couldn't pinpoint the source of. He wanted to tap his feet and pace around the fire like some witch in old fairy tales.

The cracks coming from the fire turned louder momentarily as one of his workbenches stained with oils and chemicals burst into flames. He shooed Buster away when he sniffed his way closer to the fire, too curious for his own good as usual.

A bright white light in the distance caught his attention and then, a moment later, he saw the two spots of headlights appearing in the distance.

The sudden relief weakening his knees finally gave him the clue as to what had bothered him: the chance of Hannibal not returning from his trip to his house and office.

What if Jack had waited there, tired of expecting Will to bring him evidence, what if Hannibal decided he was too much risk and not worth the outcome.

The car stopped right next to the fire and Hannibal got out, a similar relieved and open look on his face.

Will took a deep breath of smoke and smells of his burning life and relaxed.

“I’m still here,” he said apropos of nothing.

“So I can see. I am very glad.”

Hannibal walked around the car and opened the trunk to get out some big and heavy boxes.

“I brought patient files to burn and this.”

He put one of the bigger boxes in front of Will’s feet and opened it. The inside was filled with skulls. Several of them. Will thought that Hannibal must have brought almost all of his macabre decorations and centerpieces.

“”It’s no proper bonfire without some actual bones. A true “fire of bones” to welcome to dark season and stave off bad luck for our homes.”

Will shook his head fondly at Hannibal’s glowing eyes.

They both started to throw one skull after another into the fire and soon the bones lightened up in white hot flames. They continued with the files, leaf by leaf and file by file.

“I have brought an old jar to take in some of the ash later. We can stay true to tradition and spread it wherever we decide to settle for good luck.”

“Freddie Lounds isn’t dead.”

Will hadn’t intended to say it. His plan had been to just leave the knowledge here, buried in the fire’s cold ashes while he ran with Hannibal, but suddenly he knew he had to put it out there into the cold night air. As if taking the ashes would also bring the secret wherever they would go. He had to tell Hannibal before the fire went out because Hannibal would not forgive him, if he found out on his own by whatever strike of bad luck.

Hannibal had frozen next to him. A statue. A dangerous one. Will tried not to blink, feeling that leaving Hannibal out of his sight for even that moment would end deadly.

Will stared into the flames, waiting for what would happen once the man had processed these news. He knew, Hannibal was capable of everything, but he was confident that this would not be the end of him. Hannibal would not kill him. Not now. Not like this.

Slowly, so very slowly, Hannibal continued what he was doing and Will did as well. For what felt like hours not a word was spoken, the only sounds the flames and dogs around them.

“I had some leftovers of Randall Tier in the freezer. It was close enough.”

It must have been what Hannibal was waiting for. Or maybe it was unexpected news that changed Will’s fate to *keeping him alive a while longer*.

“I see.”

It were two neutral words, but they broke the ice that had formed between them for a moment and Will wondered if it would be always like this between them. Will did something and Hannibal contemplated his death until Will did something that eased the beast in Hannibal back into satisfied slumber.

Will looked up and met Hannibal’s stare and he knew in that moment that it would go both ways. He would be capable of just the same, of turning the violent beast Hannibal had nurtured for over a year against him any moment.

A quid pro quo. Even Steven.

And he smiled.

Corn Maze

Chapter Summary

A look into Will's childhood.

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK. I won't be able to catch up, but I'll try to post at least one chapter per day.

This one turned out kinda sad and I'm sorry! Mentions of bullying because children can be cruel assholes.

Will ran as fast as he could, his lungs burning and his sides stinging. His trainers skidded over the dirty path, gravel making everything slippery and unstable.

He heard the other kids over his ragged breathing and panic made him go faster.

A corn field appeared in front of him and with a last dash he dove right into it. The high corn plants closed right behind him like a wall and suddenly all sounds were swallowed.

Will stopped after running for a minute, the sudden silence and green twilight falling over him like a heavy blanket.

He looked up, the tips of the corn almost double his size high over him, their tips touching and waving in the wind, but no breeze reached him down here where he stood.

His breath was still frantic and it hurt when he tried to calm it down to make less noise.

Distant voices and shouts had him crouching down to the ground, head pressed between his knees, hands knotted in his hair in fear.

Will didn’t know how long he sat there, but when he looked up again the light had changed and the world was quiet all around him.

Slowly, he stood up, his muscles hurting and stiff. To his left and right rose the tightly knitted wall of plants and leaves while in front of him and in his back the dark tunnel between rows seemed to go on endlessly.

The sweat had dried on his skin in cool patches and he shivered.

He took a deep breath and attempted to relax. It had been a terrible day at school. Worse than normal. He'd had a nightmare last night, waking up with a scream, body locked tight in terror, tears on his face.

He knew, days after nightmares were hard. His mind was less equipped to deal with the onslaught of emotions and feelings of the other kids.

He still felt the knot of anxiety in his throat, caused by Johnny's fear of today's maths quiz or the whirr of nervosity in his stomach from Kathy meeting her horrible aunt in the afternoon.

Will looked down down at his arm at the burning scratches he'd caused himself when he tried to keep a level head and not start crying because Sharon had lost her dog a few days ago and her grief suffocated him whenever he was in the same room with her.

He shook his head hard and started walking away from the edge where he'd penetrated the field. His steps sounded almost muffled in the sticky and hot air. The whole scene felt surreal and Will wondered if he'd stepped into another universe.

Maybe this field was a magical maze and he would find himself walking a labyrinth until a castle or a enchanted fountain appeared to lead him to another world. There would be magical creatures, so very different from what he knew from this world. Unicorns and green tigers with wings, talking plants and flying fairies.

Will crossed into a different line, pressing himself through the narrow space between two plants, deeper into the field where the light was even dimmer. He lost himself in the fantasy of being rescued by some magical being, of being taken away from all the people who made him hurt.

Maybe there would be huge stags, bigger than elephants, black and covered in feathers, carrying him on its back across a secret land where the grass was red and the rivers purple. There would be no kids who bullied him, no therapists who talked about things he didn't understand.

Maybe he'd find someone who would be willing to take over the part of his mum to help his dad with money and food. There'd be chocolate fountains and candy trees, colourful and huge. Pumpkins would grow everywhere, already with funny or creepy faces carved into them, so he could place a candle in them whenever he felt like it.

There would be boys and girls who'd want to play with him without thinking he's crazy.

Dogs. There would be many dogs running around, playing fetch, wanting to be petted. They could sleep in his bed at night, so he wouldn't be alone with the creatures from his nightmares.

No, there would be no nightmares, Will decided. He would sleep on soft mattresses with many pillows and fluffy blankets and there would be no nightmares.

A sound next to him made him freeze and turn around.

There was a boy standing there and staring at him and Will's first instinct was to run, but then he saw that the boy was fuzzy around the edges, as if he was standing behind a veil of water.

Will wondered if he actually stepped through a gate into another world as he watched the boy flicker in and out of focus in front of him.

"Hello?" he asked with a small and shaking voice.

The boy tilted his head and now Will realized that it wasn't actually a boy. He was older, maybe 15 or 16, but he was thin and pale and looked sickly, despite wearing fancy clothes with a tie. His hair was lank and a dark brown with some lighter streaks in it, his fringe falling into his eyes.

The teenager didn't reply, just stared at him with dark eyes and blank face. Will couldn't tell what was going on in the other's mind and he was convinced he was hallucinating.

"Who are you?" he tried again. Determined not to show any fear, he stepped closer.

The flickering seemed to get weaker and the figure came sharper into focus with every step he took. He was way taller than Will and stared down at him with a sharp focus that made Will feel naked and small.

He knew, he looked like a mess in his old clothes and dirty trainers. His hair was a wild mess of curls on his head and his glasses stained and crooked.

"I'm Will. What's your name?"

There was still no reaction and Will could feel an anxious blush appear on his face. He wondered if he'd done something wrong again.

"I was running from the boys in my class. Why are you here?"

That seemed to cause a reaction; his stance relaxing slightly and his face becoming less stony. He looked friendlier suddenly and Will took in a relieved breath.

"Have you also been hunted by mean boys in school? They're terrible, aren't they?"

Dark brown eyes widened slightly, the most reaction he'd shown so far and Will guessed he'd been right with his thoughts.

There was a small nod, barely there, but it was enough for Will. He's never met someone like him and it felt good to not be the only one in the world being bullied.

He smiled up at the other boy who suddenly wasn't there anymore.

His face fell in disappointment.

Maybe he'd been in a weird twilight world between the real world and some fantasy place where all the kids came when they really wished to be somewhere else. Maybe the other boy also wanted to be somewhere else really bad.

Will's stomach rumbled and only now he felt the painful knot of hunger there. With a heavy sigh, he turned around and made his way back. His father should be home by now. Maybe there would be fish for dinner tonight. Will liked fish.

He stepped out of the corn field onto the dusty road, the sun blinding him for a moment.

His backpack was still lying somewhere in a bush where he'd dropped it to be able to run faster.

Before rounding the corner of the first house, he turned back to the field, wondering if he would ever meet that boy again and if he would manage to leave the place he so desperately wanted to leave.

Will wondered the same about himself.

Scythe

Chapter Summary

Will as a Reaper x)

Will was *bored*.

He stood at some corner in whatever big town watching endless cars pass by, leaning on his scythe and waiting. Always with the waiting. Why can't anybody ever die on time these days.

He had been doing this since the first primate had their first conscious thought. Back then he'd sported an impressive fur and was maybe half the size, but life had been simpler, less hurried and Will swore it had been easier to predict when the ape like human would fall victim to a saber tooth tiger that got hungry than it was to predict when someone would get run over by a car these days.

Someone brushed past him in a hurry and a moment later screeching tires indicated that he had a job to do. Finally.

He had at least another three hundred people to send off today in the general vicinity of this labyrinth of a city, their deteriorating life span a constant buzz in the back of his head.

Will knew there were countless other Reapers around, their numbers growing with each new million added to the total number on this planet. They rarely met each other though. Sometimes, he caught a glimpse of someone else in the distance, a deep shadow at the edge of his mind, but they didn't seek each other out.

What he knew was that he'd been the very first, watching over that tiny sapien making her first conscious decision contrary to what her instinct told her, thinking about the why and how of the world around her.

His tool back then had been a simple rock, sharp at the edges, just enough to sever the thread of consciousness to the physical body.

He'd lost his fascination with this species rather quickly. A few thousand years later he'd learned all there is to learn about them. Their developing minds and society followed a rhythm that seemed to be stuck in a loop no matter how advanced their technology and living standards were. Rinse and repeat.

He also learned the hard way that developing attachments and feelings for these short lived creatures wasn't smart and only ended with an ache in his chest.

Will looked down at Winston, his faithful companion for a few years now. He died with his owner in a car crash and didn't want to leave yet. Animals usually moved on on their own, not conscious enough to try keeping onto their bodies as humans tended to do, but Winston seemed to have liked him enough to stay put.

In all these millions of years there was rarely something that stuck in his mind for longer than a few decades.

Today would be the same as every day in the last hundreds of years.

Turned out even he could still be surprised.

After the businessman, there was an old lady and after her there was a doctor and then a trombonist. That was when everything somehow turned sideways.

The trombonist was a piece of art. One of the more imaginative ways to murder someone and Will had seen many many ways of how someone can kill someone else. He walked around the body curiously while Winston sniffed his way across the stage.

The soft see-through form of the guy was sitting sobbing next to his body. A small thread of wavy smoke was still connecting him to his body, keeping him in the here and now.
Will stepped forward and tightened the grip around his scythe to sever the connection.

"Quite an old fashioned instrument, is it not?"

Will froze.

Nobody has ever talked to him. The feeling of being *addressed* was so novel that he didn't know how to react.

He slowly looked up and turned around towards the silken voice that came from behind him.

It was a Reaper.

Shadows wafted all around him, surrounded him, gliding along his contours. He was wearing a three piece suit in a colour pattern that almost made him appear to vanish into the background.

The man was staring at him with eyes deep in shadows and yet, Will felt his look pierce him to the core. Someone was looking at him. *Seeing* him.

Thousands of thoughts shot through his head when the man started to approach him with slow and measured steps, the audible clicks on the parquet floor echoing through the theatre like thunderclaps.

Why was he here when the dead man was clearly meant for Will to collect, why was he making contact, why was he *talking* to Will.

Will was still frozen to his spot, holding his scythe over the dead man's sobbing specter.

The man positioned himself right next to Will and stared down at the body. His profile was sharp and all edges. High cheekbones, a regal nose and prominent bones setting his eyes into shadows.

“He was a terrible musician. The orchestra won’t miss him.”

That startled Will.

“You’ve been watching him?” It was such a surprise that someone would stick around for longer than simply freeing the dead and Will had no explanation as to why anyone would do such a thing.

“Not him. His murderer. One of his previous victims was on my list and I was intrigued. Things can get terribly boring and dull after a while, don’t you think? Sometimes a distraction is needed.”

He turned his face to Will. There was amusement there, but something sharp and hard as well.

Will remembered a time when he thought the same. It was long in his past. He found his distractions by standing in rivers to watch the water flow around his legs and listen to the nature all around him.

“How old are you?” he asked, curious now.

“Battle of Stalingrad,” he answered simply.

“Ah.” Hannibal was *young*.

Wars were generally those times when new Reapers appeared to help with the endless deaths and the World Wars had been exceptional events. He remembered another influx of them during the Plague. Lots to do. It was when he had seen pictures of Death walking with long black robes and a huge scythe and he thought it fitting. He’d come to like the tool.

“My name is Hannibal.” He turned around to face Will and lifted his hand.

Will stared at it and suddenly, he felt an inexplicably terror rise in him. He’d never actually touched someone.

When their hands touched, there was a suddenly electric charge running across their skin and Will flinched back.

“Fascinating.” Hannibal stared at his hand and then at Will.

“Why are you here, Hannibal?” Will felt the death of more people pressing at his mind, urging him to move on.

“I have watched you. You are different from others.” Will saw him eyeing Winston for a moment. “I simply wanted to meet you.”

Will didn’t believe him. He had never heard of Reapers actively seeking each other out, watching others, watching humans, following them. He had a foreboding feeling of danger and his heart starting to beat heavily in his chest.

“You should go now,” he said after a long moment.

Hannibal smiled and Will had the sinking feeling that he somehow gave something away he’d not known how to hide.

Winston suddenly licked at Will’s fingers and in the short moment he took to look down, Hannibal vanished.

Silence fell all around him only interrupted by the soft sniffles of the specter.

He was very sure that he hadn’t seen the last of Hannibal and his heart gave a heavy thump at the thought.

He wasn’t sure if it was dread or anticipation and that was the most disconcerting thing of all.

Haunting

Chapter Summary

A look into Hannibal's life in the orphanage.

Chapter Notes

As we all know Hannibal's life in the orphanage and shortly before he went there was everything but happy and carefree. It's a short ficlet and won't go into graphic details, more into Hannibal's view of the world around him, but if any of the following warnings rings your alarm bells, please skip this chapter. I promise the following one will be cute and soft again.

WARNINGS: Child abuse, Heavily Implied violence against children, Explicit violence against a child (by Hannibal himself), mentioned character death of a minor character

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal sat at the table staring at his food in disgust.

His stomach hurt with hunger, but he couldn’t bring himself to eat the slimy colourless *something* in his bowl.

The other children around him ate in silence. Not a word or sound was to be heard besides the occasional clink of a spoon against the enamel bowls or a mug sat back down on the tabletop with too much force.

Nobody dared to make a noise. The wardens stood at every entrance of the dining hall, watching over them with cruel hunger for violence.

He remembered this hall from before.

There had been just one large table in here for their family. White tablecloth, silver cutlery, golden candle holders, bowls filled with delicious delicacies, glasses filled with wine or water. The floors had been clean, partly covered in thick and plush carpets and red brocade curtains framed the high windows. Servants stood at all corners of the room waiting for commands or wishes. Mischa had played under the table, too fascinated with her new toy to concentrate on her food.

The memory shattered when a bowl landed on the floor with a loud clatter. Every single head in the room whipped around to the spot where a young boy stared with shock to the food spilled on the floor.

Hannibal immediately realized that the boy sitting next to him was at fault, his pretended innocence barely hiding the grin he wanted to show to the world.

One of the guards made her way through the hall, her massive body pushing through the rows of tables and children, cane already in her hand. The whispers died down immediately and silent dread fell like a heavy blanket over the dozens of children. Everyone knew what would happen.

The young boy had already started crying. He knew there was no way out of this. The guards wouldn't believe him when he pointed to the boy next to him and if he tried, the boy's gang would make his life even more hell.

Hannibal felt anger and rage bubble in him.

He looked back down into his bowl, ignoring the sounds of crying and pleas when the boy was dragged out of the room.

Hannibal had gotten used to the routine in the orphanage.

Getting up at dawn, washing himself with ice cold water, no breakfast because food was scarce, cleaning the hallways, lunch which usually consisted of some dry bread and milk. In the afternoon there was some free time which they had to spend outside, no matter which weather.

It was an easy routine to remember and if you kept your head low and didn't raise your voice, you wouldn't get into trouble.

In theory.

Reality was different. The children were in survival mode. The food wasn't enough to sate their hunger, but was too much to starve, the cold and wet weather caused illnesses and weakened by hunger many of them died. Brutality among the kids was almost as spread as brutality from the wards, nurses and nuns who ran the orphanage.

Hannibal knew how to survive.

He'd been taught how to hunt and how to wield a knife from the moment he was able to hold it. He'd survived alone with his sister in the wilderness. He would survive this orphanage. The others were afraid of the mute boy with ice in his eyes and cruelty in his hands and the sisters avoided him as long as he didn't give them a reason to act.

Hannibal often gave them reason.

Too acute was his need to punish those who were needlessly cruel to the weak and hungry children, who reminded him of his sister in her last days, too pressing was the constant reminder what was and could have been when he walked through this dying house.

The room he shared with dozens of boys now had been his parent's bedroom, the tapestries now covered by blotchy white colour, the huge hearth cold and smelling of ash.

Whenever he rounded a corner another memory of his old life haunted him.

The window with the best view over the park and forest had been his sister's favourite spot to watch the snow fall. It was now smashed and poorly fixed with some wooden planks, letting an ice cold draft into the house.

His mother's dressing room was now the room where the nuns smoked their cigarettes and planned their food rations and who to sell some of the stronger boys to to get some money for vodka.

Hannibal tightened his fist around his crooked spoon.

With a quick move he got up and in a few measured steps he walked over to the grinning boy. His grin fell away as he saw Hannibal approaching. They all knew not to mess with Hannibal and only ever took him on when they outnumbered him by at least four or five.

Before anyone could react, Hannibal had gripped the boys hair and smashed his face down on the table. The satisfying crunch of his nose, followed by his scream had Hannibal smiling.

Huge hands gripped him by the arms and angry shouts deafened him while he was forcefully pulled out of the room.

He watched dispassionately into the other kids' shocked faces. The wooden door closed with a bang and he was dragged through the hallway. The tiles his mother had picked were cracked, the nook were his grandfather's portrait had been placed was empty, the ghost of one of the hunting dogs his sister had loved so much was following him down the dim staircase.

He would spend the next few days with his back hurting too much to move, but that was okay, because they locked him in his father's huge empty wardrobe, massive walls keeping every light out.

He sat there, smelling his father's old clothes that weren't there anymore, losing himself in memories of what this house once had been, building an exact replica in his mind so he could put the ghost layer over how the house looked right now and pretend it was as beautiful as it had been before everything.

He would grow up and he would leave and he would take his memories with him and never return.

Chapter End Notes

I AM SORRY

Scarves

Chapter Notes

Something short and soft to counter yesterday's pain <3

The weather was fucking miserable and freezing and Will stared gloomingly into the rain. There were drops on his glasses, his hair was a dripping mess and Will was *cold*.

Jack had called him out of his classroom, basically dragged him along without giving him the chance to get any of his stuff. He barely had managed to grab his coat before he sat in Crawford's car, listening to him barking the facts of the new case they had.

He was pouting, his patience running thin after waiting for at least half an hour in the rain before he was allowed to even get close to the body.

Will started to feel water seep from his hair down his neck and into his collar. It wouldn't be long before it would run down his back, ice cold and terrible.

The body itself turned out to be not very impressive and just looked like a more or less normal if more bloody crime scene, but since the Ripper was active again, Jack saw ghosts everywhere and didn't want to risk him slipping through his fingers again.

The Ripper would never leave such a *mess*.

He heard a car arriving, gravel groaning under its weight, smooth motor humming in the night.

He knew that car.

A few moments later there was the soft thud of a door closing and measured steps coming closer across the gravelled path.

"Good evening, Dr. Lecter."

"Will. I apologize for being late."

Will shrugged. He still didn't know why Hannibal insisted on being there every time Will analysed a crime scene. It must get dull after a while.

He got up from where he kneeled next to the body and turned to greet Hannibal.

He found himself faced with Hannibal holding a piece of garment in his hands. He lifted it towards Will, his face expectant.

“What…?” he stared at it in confusion.

“A scarf. It is cold and raining and soon you will be soaked. I had this spare one in my car.” He looked pleased with himself.

“It will get wet…” he stammered. The fabric looked soft and warm and Will became aware of the goosebumps spreading over his arms and neck.

“Will, please.”

Will bristled at the tone. There was a light pleading note as if he would do Hannibal such an exceptional favour by taking his scarf and wrap it around his throat, getting all covered in dog hair and smelling like cheap aftershave.

He wanted to ask what was wrong with Hannibal but refrained and reached out to take the scarf. Before he could get his hand at the fabric though, Hannibal stepped closer and was suddenly right in front of Will.

He lifted his arms and laid the scarf around Will’s neck in a gesture that was suddenly so intimate that his breath stopped in his lungs.

The scarf was exactly as soft as it looked, but all Will could think about was how close theywere. There were raindrops gliding down Hannibal’s face and Will had to stop himself from wiping the one on his nose away.

Hannibal was staring intently at him, but Will didn’t have it in him to look back. He had the feeling that if he weren’t so damn cold, he would blush.

When Hannibal stepped back, it was as if Will could breathe for the first time in minutes. He drew in a deep breath while trying not to be too obvious, but he knew he was failing by the amused glint in Hannibal’s eyes.

Will desperately cleared his throat. “Thanks for the scarf. I’ll bring it back once I get it cleaned.”

“Do not worry, Will. It’s a gift. Keep it.” His voice was warm and definite. Will knew arguing was futile so he shut his mouth and ducked his head.

The next breath he took was full of Hannibal. Warm, familiar and saturated with smells that meant safety and quiet.

“Thank you,” he said again and this time he really meant it.

Hannibal’s eyes softened and he gave a small nod.

Together they turned back to the body in silent companionship.

Trick or Treat

Chapter Summary

A little AU Halloween story set in Lithuania.

Chapter Notes

This story turned into way more than I had initially planned. wow.

ALSO. THANK YOU FOR THIS PROMPT LLEW.

The chance to study in Lithuania for a year had dropped out of the sky like a blessing and Will had jumped on it immediately.

To get out of the USA, out of his stifling environment in New Orleans and away from his father's suffocating care was exhilarating and exciting.

What had shocked him most had been how *small* the country was. It basically was 99% woods with two bigger cities that would be barely a blip on a map in the USA. The borders to the neighbour countries was less than 3 hours away in all directions. *Tiny*.

He'd settled quickly in Kaunas, a town you'd call rural in the States, but was the second biggest one right after Vilnius. It had a lively students scene and a charming old town.

Summer was spent mostly at the river or the lake with sporadic trips to the Baltic Sea that was just about two hours in the car away. It had passed in a short, but heavy heat wave similar to New Orleans actually and fall had come late, but with a vengeance, turning the country into a cool and colourful forest scape.

Funnily enough, Will had found friends quickly. Something that seemed to be an impossible task at home had been almost easy here. These people simply accepted his quirks and needs and it was such a relief, he relaxed in their company like he'd never managed before.

He regularly met up with a close group of 5 to 6 students from all over the world to study or go out into one of their favourite small bars in the evening.

Life here was different in many ways. It appeared to be moving at half the speed than in New Orleans, a calm and wide river compared to the hectic stream of faster/louder/higher that

either dragged you forcefully along or drowned you mercilessly. It was almost a magical place in its slowness.

Will didn't miss many things, but sometimes there was something that stood out and made it clear that he wasn't quite ready to let go.

Like Halloween.

The whole tradition he'd known in his childhood and growing up was basically missing. It was more of a day to remember the dead, a day for mourning and remembrance than the loud and bright day and night it was in the USA. There would be no Trick or Treating this year.

It was weird. It felt *off*.

He sat among his friends a few days before Halloween and complained loudly about the missing costumes and sweets and the lack of excited kids running through shops or parents intent on finding the perfect costumes for themselves or their kids.

"We should do our own Halloween. Go out in costume and knock on people's doors."

His Lithuanian companions snorted and laughed.

"Dude, people *hate* what the US do with the day. It's a western commercial lie that's only purpose is to make money with candy and costumes. It's propaganda and people will come after you with curses and shouting if you try this here."

"Yeah!" another one chimed in. "Best case is you get a door slammed into your face."

Will frowned. His memories of Halloween were mostly good ones. His dad had always tried to make him an awesome costume and he'd saved all the candy he'd collected that day for months to treasure and savor them.

"You'd have more success appealing to the pagan rituals that came before the Christian holiday, actually."

Will perked up. "Maybe we can mix things up. Do both in one?"

In the end, almost all of them were on board with the idea. They decided to dress up in less typical American costumes and went more for old Lithuanian traditions like huge masks portraying witches and the devil.

They didn't go out with the expectations to get sweets and candies, but brought food and drinks themselves. They cooked stews and bagels, Lithuanian pancakes and made warm drinks like cocoa or mulled wine to hand out to people opening their door for them.

It was a complete success.

By the end of the day they had walked several miles, starting in the inner city and ending in the outskirts, where houses were small and old and street lights were scarce.

They'd been invited to many homes, people taking their offerings gladly and in return handed out their own food and drinks. They talked a lot and were witness to older people reminiscing over their life, telling stories of their ancestors and the old religions and pagan rituals.

It was almost midnight when Will's friends decided to end their trip. They were full and tipsy and tired and most of them had some way to go before they'd be home.

Will's place wasn't too far away and he's actually walked these paths quite a few times. He always noticed the old castle that was placed on top of one of the surrounding hills. A dark huge building with high towers, black doors and endless rows of high windows. It had peaked his curiosity right away. The old rusty gate was always closed and the surrounding walls overgrown with ivy.

It looked spooky and reminded him of the buildings used in horror movies and scary stories.

"I still have some pumpkin bread left. How about we try the old castle up there? Always wanted to check that one out."

They all fell silent and Will felt as if he's somehow broken a taboo watching their shocked faces. The tension broke when one of them started laughing.

"That's a good one!"

"Lecter Castle? Nobody goes up there, Will!"

Will had no idea what was going on, but he felt as if he'd missed some vital information here and was a bit put out at having them laugh about him.

He shrugged and a few moments later they wished each other a good night, splitting into pairs to go their ways home.

Will stayed back alone.

The night had turned cold and the humid air wafted up as fog over the nearby river, creeping in waves up the hill.

Will shivered and started walking. It smelled like wet earth and dew. The last leaves bristled in the trees and he saw his breath in the slight moonlight.

About ten minutes later he arrived at the gate to the castle.

There hadn't been any streetlights for a while now, but the moon was bright enough to guide his way. The castle's black roof was shining in silver shiny light, giving it a ghostly and looming look.

The gate was old and the chain keeping it shut was rusty, but still solid and strong. There was no bell, no call system. Nothing that indicated anyone was welcome to enter.

Maybe it was because it was Halloween and almost midnight, maybe it was a temporary loss of his mind, but Will looked around and with a quick move he'd climbed over the gate, the

metal cold and rough under his palms.

His feet landed on rough gravel.

Will straightened up and realized that the world has gone still around him as if everything was holding its breath. The slight wind had stopped, the leaves hanging still. No rustling in the bushes, no night birds, no cars. Not the slightest noise was to be heard.

The air seemed to thicken around him and he had problems breathing under his several layers thick costume and mask.

Will pushed his backpack further up his shoulder and took off his mask to see where he was going in the dark.

The castle loomed in front of him. It definitely appeared bigger from close up, rising into the sky like a dark shadow swallowing all light.

The silence seemed to follow him and Will felt really really small and out of place.

His steps seemed to get slower the closer he got to the house, a feeling as if he was walking through water. He started to sweat and drops ran down his face.

It felt like an eternity before he finally stood in front of the huge wooden door. There was no sign that anyone was at home, no lights inside, no sounds, no movement.

Will was a bit disappointed.

It didn't look like a ruin though, so he shrugged and knocked on the door with his fist, attempting to make himself heard further than a few steps behind the heavy door.

The echo of his knocks seemed to vibrate through the air all around him and Will took an involuntary step back. For several long seconds, he could hear the sound make its way through the interior of the castle, then everything turned into a deafening silence and the air became saturated with something that smelled like burning wood.

He was about to give up and just leave his homemade bread at the door, when he heard a heavy metal lock turn and the door opened with some screeching painful sounds of hinges that were in dire need of some oil.

A gust of strong wind out of the house made him close his eyes. It was as if a huge pressure compensation was happening which made absolutely no sense.

Will opened his eyes again and stared, because he'd expected a lot, but not a young man his age standing in the doorway, carrying a candle holder with three candles to illuminate his way.

He was wearing an old fashioned red sweaterwest over a crisp white shirt and dark dress pants. His face was illuminated by the candles that flickered across strong bone structure and sharp cheekbones. His eyes looked almost red.

“Good evening.”

The deep accented voice pulled him out of his shock.

“Hi, good evening,” he stammered.

“How can I help you? It’s quite late for an unannounced visit.”

Will flushed red, because of course it was and he wasn’t sure what had compelled him to get up here and knock at the door.

“I’m Will. I’m a student from the United States and wanted to do something for Halloween. There are different ways here though, so I thought I’ll knock at people’s doors to hand them food I made and hot drinks as a remembrance to old traditions.”

He’d practiced this speech all evening and still he stumbled over some words with the young man standing there and staring at him and his costume with his intense stare.

“Oh, how delightful!” He stepped closer and reached out with his hand. “My name is Hannibal Lecter. Please, come in. I would love to see what you have brought me.”

Will shook his hand, palms still slightly damp. Hannibal turned around on his heels and walked back into the wide entrance hall.

He had expected something cold and drafty and falling apart, but the contrary was the case. There were lit candles littering the walls and tables, the tile floors were covered in thick carpets and the tapestries showed gentle scenes of animals and forests.

It felt warm and welcome and Will stared open mouthed at old paintings, high ceilings, brocade drapes and oriental carpets.

Hannibal was walking ahead of him and entered a small study, or probably more a library because it seems every single inch of the walls was covered in books. There was a huge fireplace with two comfy looking big armchairs, a huge couch and a small table. It was dark besides the flickering lights of the fire playing games over every surface.

It was *cosy* and Will felt at home instantly.

“Please, have a seat.”

Hannibal placed the candle holder on the small table and sat down in the armchair closest to the fire. He looked expectantly at Will, who stood there a bit awkward before he put his bag to the floor and sat down.

“I have some pumpkin bread I baked. It’s a recipe I found in an old book that might have been from my grandmother. It’s my fave.”

He pulled out the wrapped package and unwrapped it on the table. To Will’s relief it looked still okay and not as battered as he feared. He pushed it towards Hannibal and sat back, hands in his lap and trying not to blush again.

Hannibal's face showed his joy as he took a deep breath of the bread's scent.

"It smells quite good. Is that cinnamon?"

Will nodded, trying not to let his chest puff out too much in pride. He had the feeling that not many managed to get Hannibal's approval.

"Let me bring us something to drink and then tell me about yourself. Feel free to get rid of some of these layers. You must be warm."

With that, he left the room, Will watching him exit, eyes roaming over the snug fit of his pants. He blushed now and was glad Hannibal couldn't see.

The whole moment felt like something out of a dream, set apart from his life so far. He wondered how he stumbled into this fantasy land.

Hannibal came back with two steaming cups and Will smelled chocolate and coffee with the sharp edge of something alcoholic.

He gingerly took the hot mug and held it in both hands to take a deep breath. Whiskey.

Together they ate some of Will's bread, which seemed to be to Hannibal's liking, drank their coffee and talked. Will lost his awkwardness quickly, finding Hannibal easy to talk to and a great listener. They fell from one topic to the next and not much later he'd spread out his entire life and family history.

It was two in the morning when he started to yawn and Hannibal smiled softly at him. It made his stomach flutter. Will stood up with a groan.

"I need to go and get some sleep."

He half expected Hannibal to offer him a room, and was slightly disappointed when it didn't happen. They walked to the door together and for some reason, there was a tension rising in Will, a reluctance to leave the house.

The air coming through the opened door was freezing and Will shivered.

"I had a very pleasant evening, Will. Thank you for deciding to knock on my door."

There was a mischievous glimm in Hannibal's eyes and even though Will had no idea what was going on, he had to smile with Hannibal.

"It was great, thanks."

Without warning, Hannibal leaned forwards and Will drew in a shocked breath when their lips touched for the briefest of moments.

"We will meet again soon and I am looking forward to it very much, Will Graham," he whispered against his lips.

Before he could recover from his shock, the door had closed behind Hannibal, leaving Will standing in the night alone. There were no lights in any of the windows, the house lying entirely dark and still and if Will wouldn't still taste the coffee and whiskey on his lips, he'd think he'd imagined it all.

The trip back to his place passed in a blur of butterflies in his stomach and he had no idea how he managed to catch any sleep that night.

He met up with everyone in their morning spot, a small café near university, still half asleep.

"You won't believe what happened to me!"

"What, did you get lost on your way home last night? You look as if you barely got a minute of sleep."

Will scowled.

"Shut it. I had a great evening after you cowards all left. Spend half the night talking to Hannibal Lecter in his study in that amazing castle. Why didn't you tell me that there's someone of our age living up there?"

The stares he got were wide and shocked.

"What?"

"Dude, Will. We don't joke about this stuff. These stories are meant to scare the children, not us. The Lecter castle is the resident creepy ghost story since that whole family got murdered up there during the second World War. Not funny at all, mate."

Will looked at them and he knew. He knew, they weren't lying. He felt their genuine shock and alarm and the sinking feeling in his stomach that he'd managed to step across the border between worlds last night.

With a deep breath, he forced a smile on his face. "Sorry, I didn't expect the reaction to be quite that strong. Won't make that particular joke again."

The next days, he constantly looked up to the castle when he passed the gate. It always lay empty and dark. He wondered if he would really meet Hannibal ever again, or if he'd have to plan regular journeys to Kaunas for every Halloween in the future.

Will remembered their soft kiss and was surprised how serious he actually meant these thoughts.

Candy Corn

Chapter Summary

Poor Hannibal

Chapter Notes

Something short and cute and Will being a little shit ;)

"Will, what is this?"

Will looked up from the article he was reading with a questioning humm.

Hannibal was standing near the table, about two or three feet away, staring at the bowl placed there. He looked downright afraid.

"What do you mean?" he asked, genuinely confused for a moment, his mind still stuck on bug developments.

"It smells like sugar and artificial ingredients and it looks atrocious."

Will finally realized what was going on and couldn't keep the grin off his face.

"It's Candy Corn. Have you never heard of it?"

"I have managed to avoid it. So far. Why is it in the house?"

Will felt his amusement spike and the pressure in his chest to laugh got stronger.

"Because it's almost Halloween and on Halloween people eat Candy Corn."

Hannibal's lower lip twitched and the corner of his mouth sagged the tiniest bit, which was almost a grimace for him.

"I assure you, I can create candy of far better quality without it smelling and looking like *this*."

The utter distaste dripping from his voice did it.

Will started laughing.

When he finally stopped, his stomach hurting, Hannibal had left the room with a huff.

Will shook his head. There had been a time in their life when he'd been cautious about getting on Hannibal's bad side, always in mind that the man was quick with a knife when the monster in him stirred.

These times were long past.

Now he knew, when the bowl was mysteriously empty tomorrow, he'd have a lot of fun refilling it with one of the five bags he'd stored in his work room to see how long it would take for Hannibal to actually start making his own candy and fill all bowls they had with them to prevent Will from putting Candy Corn into them.

He smiled softly. Hannibal might be a monster, but so was he and together they had surprisingly many soft interactions and fun. He popped one of the candies into his mouth, enjoying them as long as he could, knowing very well that he would probably go to bed tonight without a kiss.

Sometimes sacrifices had to be made.

Misty Morning

Chapter Summary

Just this. A misty morning in Will Graham's life.

Will stumbled out of bed with a huge yawn.

It was way too early, still dark outside, but Buster insisted on getting up and out for a pee. It had been raining the last few days and even the dogs had avoided being outside for longer than absolutely necessary.

Eyes barely open, he groped for the door to push it open. The cold air hit him like a slap in the face and he cursed. He was only in a thin shirt and boxers, which was probably stupid considering the season. Goosebumps spread all over his body and he shivered violently. Buster pushed past him, but Will promptly turned back to fetch a blanket to wrap himself into.

On his way back out, he made a beeline for the kitchen to make himself a coffee as well and a few minutes later he sat on his porch, hot mug warming his hands, a thick blanket wrapped around himself from head to toe.

It’s the first time in days the rain had stopped, the air still and saturated with humidity. Thick fog was wavering all around the house in waves. He couldn’t see Buster anymore, but he heard him sniffing and grunting, probably hunting a rodent.

The sky had started to turn a deep gray and the space around him reminded him of old black and white movies. There were no colors, just shapes and forms in various tones of gray, interrupted with ghostly white wafts of fog.

Gray turned to a soft blue and yellow, hesitantly fighting against the night.

Will shifted under his blanket, the cold air biting his nose and ears. The world slowly started to wake up, more sounds than only Buster breaking through some bushes and high grass were to be heard now. The careful chirp of some bird sounded from his roof.

Yellow started to be saturated with orange, some lonely clouds already glowing bright, and Will realized that he would witness an impressive sunrise.

Most of the fog had dispersed by the time the sky had turned into lucent orange. The world looked soft and wrapped in candy cotton, the mist and last remnants of thicker fog floating between trees and from dips in the fields.

The sun rose like a huge fireball over the horizon, layers of fog blocking the powerful light and letting it appear more like the moon in brightness. Sun streams broke through the mist in single beams, bathing small spots in light.

Will closed his eyes when the sun was high enough to rise over the denser parts of fog, the first stronger light meeting his face and warming his cheeks.

The peacefulness of this moment made his heart ache. So few moments of peace had been granted to him these last years.

When he opened his eyes again, the world had turned into a glittering wonder. Dew covered every available surface, grass blades shone in million diamonds and spiderwebs built delicate glistening pieces of art.

It was breathtaking and Will had to smile, his chest swelling with wonder.

Clacking claws on wood announced Winston's arrival and a moment later a cold nose met his cheeks, followed by a quick swipe of tongue.

"I'm alright, buddy. Just enjoying some fresh air."

Winston seemed to be happy with that answer and sat down with a huff, shoulder to shoulder, both staring into the distance, while Buster was busy digging a hole somewhere close by.

They sat in silence, Will's coffee long empty, and breathed.

"You don't have to creep in the bushes like a lowly voyeur, you know?" Will called out finally, having waited long enough.

There was no sound, no indication that anything had changed until Hannibal sat down next to him.

Will didn't turn his head, didn't acknowledge him at all. He was relaxed and happy and in a state of peace. Looking at Hannibal would create tension and he wasn't ready for that this early in the morning.

There was a slight movement in the corner of his eye and then a hand holding a thermo mug appeared in his line of sight.

Will pulled a face. *This damn annoying bastard.*

He took the thermo with a sigh. There was no resisting Hannibal's amazing coffee and he was getting a bit cold.

The steam escaping the mug with a hiss painted beautiful figures in the cold air and with a soft huff, Will took a sip. The flavor exploded on his tongue and he almost moaned in pleasure.

"That still doesn't make it okay, you know?" he finally said.

His only reply was a humm, but Will hadn’t expected anything else.

“Next time bring some fresh bread rolls,” he paused. “And some of your raspberry jam.”

Curse (for VampireHannibalFest)

Chapter Summary

Will has a rough awakening.

entry for #vampirehannibalfest, so you know what's up here ;)

Will woke with a gasp.

His body was shaking. Light flashed behind his closed eyes, making him flinch.

He was disoriented, confused. Up was down and left was right. Nothing made sense.

There was something hard underneath him, something wet in his face, hot and cold, noises, soft and loud.

He groaned and rolled over, his stomach cramping, muscles aching, bones pressing against his insides,

Something snapped.

Will stilled.

He opened his eyes, finding a room. No, *his* room.

Carefully, he examined his surroundings.

He was lying on the floor in front of his bed. Staring towards his fireplace.

It was dark outside.

He moved his fingers and found no pain. He'd thought he remembered them hurting. Everything had been hurting. Nothing was hurting now.

Will sat up slowly.

His dogs were lying in their respective beds, only Winston close by, watching him intently. They were all staring at him, ears lying flat on their head, heads low. Buster growled.

He remembered.

A painful headache. Flashing lights.

He remembered everything.

Hannibal.

The house was still. The sounds he was hearing were things he shouldn't hear. Things he didn't want to hear.

He got up from the floor in a smooth move, body obeying quickly, muscles following his command like they hadn't in quite a while.

Winston gave a low whine and Will looked down where he crawled towards him on his belly, eyes big and unsure.

"It's okay, Winston. I will be back soon. We're going to leave."

At the sound of Will's voice and his name, Winston gave a low bark, ears perking up, tail wagging slowly, gaining confidence.

Will left the house with a few long strides. He closed the door behind himself, not wanting his scared dogs to run off in a panic. His car was standing right in front of the porch, door still open, motor still clicking and cooling.

The night was starless and cold.

The drive to Baltimore passed in a blur. He was still sorting his memories, new and old, finding their right order, putting them into perspective.

There was so *much* he'd forgotten.

But he remembered that Hannibal had been his friend. Or so he'd thought. Hannibal was supposed to help him, protect him, support him. *Be his paddle.* Will snorted.

It just proved that trusting anyone was always a mistake. Will tried to ignore how his heart ached. Hannibal had been too good to be true.

In that moment, something clicked in his mind and Will almost swayed the car into oncoming traffic with shock. *The Chesapeake Ripper. Hannibal is the Ripper.*

Will had trouble wrapping his head around that, but in hindsight it made perfect sense. His mind remembered the meals. The meat. The taste of it.

This was putting everything into a new light.

He'd mostly found his balance and footing by the time he turned into the road Hannibal's office was in.

The office was dark, so Will turned and drove towards his house.

His doors were unlocked, as usual. A predator of his caliber didn't need locked doors.

Will still had problems putting this label on Hannibal.

Will walked through the hallway, his senses taking stock of the house. It smelled like a recently cooked meal, the scent of fresh meat letting the saliva collect in his mouth, an opened bottle of wine and something sweet to finish the course.

He entered Hannibal's study, where the man sat at his harpsichord, writing notes, composing.

Hannibal looked up when Will came into view. If he was surprised, he didn't show it, his face a pleasant mask with a small smile.

"Will, did you forget something?"

Will stopped walking when he was in the middle of the big room and stared at Hannibal.

He felt calm. The last months seemed like a distant memory, far removed from his life, overpowered by those memories that had woken up two hours ago.

"How long have you known?" he finally asked.

Hannibal stilled.

Will could almost see the process of the predator taking over, discarding the mask of the harmless psychiatrist, weighing his options. Lying and keeping pretending or finally putting his cards on the table.

He got up slowly, carefully and Will realized that he was cautious now, because he knew Will remembered and he was unpredictable and *dangerous*. The Ripper was in charge now and Will could appreciate the changes he saw.

He smiled, which seemed to decide Hannibal.

"I knew from the first moment in Jack's office," he said, standing next to his instrument, looking suddenly undecided and hesitant.

"So you decided to interfere. To see what would happen." Will's voice dropped to a growl.

Hannibal dipped his head in agreement. It was almost a show of respect, something that was clearly supposed to appease Will.

Will was not appeased. He was furious.

"Did it ever occur to you that there was a reason why I didn't remember my life and who I was. Did you ever stop to think that it might not be a very good idea to make me remember who I am."

Will started to move. Step by step, he walked towards Hannibal, his muscles tense and ready to strike. He wanted to get his hands on this man, wanted to press the life out of him for what he did.

Hannibal stayed silent, the answer to these questions clear.

“You want to know why? Why I wanted to forget? Of course you do, because that’s why you did it, isn’t it?”

He was standing right in front of Hannibal now. He dimly remembered feeling small next to Hannibal despite their almost negligible difference in height.

Hannibal looked at him with wonder, eyes a bit larger than normal, nostrils shaking with the need to breathe in everything about Will.

“Endless existence is a *curse*,” he spat.

“You either turn into an animal, or you break.”

It all came crashing into Will right now. The suppressed memories of several hundred years overwhelming him, the rediscovered awareness of his body and its strength and abilities chipping away at his control. The fact that Hannibal was a serial killer who wanted to see him burn.

“I was trying to get rid of it, forget everything, live a new and unblemished life for once, after suffering through endless days of loss and death, even just for a while.”

He growled, baring his teeth, and his anger got overwhelming, his hand at Hannibal’s throat a moment later.

He could feel Hannibal’s blood under warm skin, hear it flowing through his veins, hear his pulse and heart beat, an alluring song to his ears he’d been deaf to for years.

Will’s hunger became a force and he could feel his teeth growing, his hand squeezing tighter around that delicate throat, almost lifting the man off his feet.

“Will,” he gasped, hand closing around Will’s wrist, weak and useless.

“I wanted you to live,” he pressed out. “So much wasted pot...ential, strength... and beauty.... Life is so much, so full of... wonder,” he trailed off, his face turning a darker shade, mouth moving in an attempt to get air into his lungs.

Will wondered how much Hannibal knew. He wondered why he didn’t use the knives he had somewhere on his body. He wondered what the man had planned to do with him once he remembered his life. He wanted to *know*.

He let go of him and Hannibal sagged down before he caught himself, coughing.

“I’m a vampire, Hannibal. I am older than you can imagine. Do you really think I haven’t seen it all? There is nothing but death and destruction left in this world and I was tired to be part of it.” he sneered.

“Then why did you become a police officer and then an FBI agent?” he asked. “Will. Death is part of who you are and even when you can’t remember, you will always be drawn to it.”

His eyes were intense, their brown almost red in the dim light of the room.

“I think you’ve lost sight of what beauty this world has to offer. Of what’s making life worthwhile.” He straightened his jacket as if preparing for an interview or an appointment.

“And of course you’ll show me.”

“It would be my pleasure,” he said and Will couldn’t believe how serious he was about all of this.

The thing was: Will believed him. He believed that Hannibal wanted to do exactly what he was saying and he was tempted.

His life had always been filled with death and horror. Maybe for once he should attempt to fill it with death and beauty.

Before he could make his decision, Hannibal started to undo his tie and open his shirt, widening his collar to bare his throat.

Of course Hannibal would offer his blood. *Of course*…

Will didn’t think about it for long. He stepped close again, hand already knotted in Hannibal’s half-undone tie to pull him in. Hannibal came without resistance, his eyes intense and curious.

Will almost moaned when he got his first full load of the scent from Hannibal’s skin.

He leaned in and pressed his face into the crook of Hannibal’s neck. The sound of his heart was a calming thumpthump in his ears and the sight of his pulse had him gasping.

There was no indication that the man was in any way nervous or scared. He was as calm and collected as always and Will pressed his lips to hot skin and smiled. He thought that this could actually work.

His last reserves fell away and he licked a broad sweep across the thick vein lying under sweet skin.

Hannibal drew in a slight breath, a tiny hitch in his rhythm and his heartbeat doubled for two seconds.

Hands were put on Will’s hips and their chests almost touched. Will couldn’t wait any longer. He opened his mouth wide and pressed his teeth to soft skin and placed his bite.

Hannibal didn’t even flinch, but Will groaned as warm and metallic blood spread over his tongue in waves and he swallowed his first blood in almost a decade.

The hands on his hips started to guide him and Will followed, helplessly clinging to the man he was drinking from until they somehow ended up on Hannibal’s couch with Will on top.

He knew, he needed to stop soon, or Hannibal would be too drained and weak to survive, which was not his goal. Not this time. But he had the feeling that Hannibal wouldn’t mind.

He'd view a death caused by a vampire, by *Will* something extraordinary and acceptable.

Slowly, he withdrew his fangs, licking over the puncture wounds to seal them shut and to get all the blood he could. Hannibal would also be cross if he stained his no doubt ridiculously expensive couch.

He leaned up on his elbows and looked down. Hannibal was pale, but there was an almost dopey grin on his face.

"Alright," Will said, not able to keep his own smile in check. "Show me what you had in mind."

Fake Blood

Chapter Summary

I guess this is an AU because Beverly is still alive at the end of s2 BECAUSE I SAY SO DAMNIT.

Chapter Notes

So yesterday was Halloween and I'm at prompt 15. Technically I didn't make it and it's over now.

Is there interest in me writing for the rest of the prompt list? :I

Or maybe go through the list and tell me which ones you definitely wanna see written? XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal parked his Bentley next to Will's battered Volvo. He'd been delighted when Will called him and asked him if he was free this afternoon to help him with a project. He was curious to see what this was about and couldn't contain his smile when he got up the stairs to the porch, carrying a bottle of good wine.

Out of courtesy, he knocked with two short raps against the wood, hearing the dogs shuffling behind the door

Heavy steps sounded from the inside and Hannibal felt his heartbeat pick up for a moment.

When the door opened, his grip on the bottle of wine actually slipped for a moment and he only managed to catch it in the last moment before it fell towards the ground.

Will was covered in *blood*.

Long streaks of bright red liquid glistened across his forehead and cheeks, his hair on one side of his head was matted and wet, his white shirt drenched on the front, bright red and alarming.

"Awesome. Come in, I need your help. Put the bottle into the kitchen, we can have that later." With that he turned around, leaving a stunned Hannibal standing in his doorway.

Not his injuries then. But whose…

A million possibilities raced through Hannibal's mind. Had Will killed someone? Why call him? To get rid of the body? To prepare a meal of them?

Hannibal stepped into the house slowly, carefully examining the surroundings, looking for signs of a struggle or a fight, but finding none. The dogs milling around his legs were relaxed, their only excitement for his arrival and the treats he usually brought along.

The kitchen looked as it always did. Clean and barren and unused besides a pan in the sink where Will probably had fried a fish and ate it right out of it as usual.

"I'm upstairs!" came the shout from somewhere in the house.

Hannibal was surprised. The upper floor in Will's house was almost entirely unused.The rooms were more or less storage rooms and a guest room that never was used. He'd been there once and didn't find anything of importance, besides some photos of Will's father and Will as a young boy when they went fishing.

He slowly descended up the stairs, the wood creaking and dusty.

Hannibal stopped at the end of the staircase. The first door on the left was open and Hannibal could see transparent tarp spread all over the floor inside. The sharp smell of disinfectant solutions was hanging heavy in the air.

There was a sharp prickling sensation spreading from the back of his head down his spine, something like excitement and tension in one. He had absolutely no idea what would await him in this room.

Measured steps carried him further and with childlike curiosity, he peeked around the corner.

Will was standing in front of a table, his back turned to him, hands placed on his hips. The shirt hugged his shoulders and once again he could see how strong Will actually was.

"Will? What is it that you need help with?"

He turned halfway around, the blood splatters still a sight to behold. It reminded him of the day Will had killed Gareth Jacob Hobbs; the day he knew Will would change his life.

"I need to decide which of these look the realest."

He pointed to several cans on the table.

Cans filled with red colours.

"Beverly is having a Halloween party and asked me to provide enough fake blood to turn her flat into a slaughterhouse, but I have trouble deciding."

Hannibal tried not to let his disappointment show, but he knew, there was no hiding it when it came to Will's ability to read him.

His arms dropped to his side and he turned around completely. His face had morphed from a doubtful frown into a smug smile.

“You thought I’ve killed someone and hoped I’ve called you for help disposing the body.”

Hannibal gave a small shrug, barely more than a twitch of his shoulders.

“Nothing is impossible with you, Will. I was prepared for everything.”

“Not for fake Halloween blood.”

“No, not for that,” Hannibal conceded and he felt his disappointment slip away, seeing how gleeful Will reacted this his words.

He stepped closer to the table and examined the different shades of blood *colour*.

“Shouldn’t you also be an expert when it comes to the colour of blood? As well as Mrs. Katz should be one.”

“Nah, we’re mainly seeing it when it’s already old and dried and dark or a crust. You’re the surgeon. Among other things. You know exactly how it looks when it’s still fresh and flowing right from its vessels.”

Will’s voice had dropped and Hannibal only now realized how close they were standing. He could feel Will’s eyes on him, intense and piercing.

It took all of his self control not to turn to Will and lean in to scent how confidence and darkness would smell on him.

He simply pointed to one colour that looked closest to fresh blood straight out of an artery.

“This one should satisfy all of Mrs. Katz’s needs.”

Will hummed.

“Thank you. For helping. For coming all this way.” Will’s voice was quiet and thoughtful.

“It was my pleasure.” Hannibal did turn his head now to meet Will’s gaze.

They stared at each other for what felt like hours. Weighing each other and the path they were on.

It was Hannibal who broke the eye contact.

“How about that bottle of wine now? I still have plenty of time before I have to return.”

Will’s grin was sharp.

“Sure. Why not?”

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR FLAILING LLEW

And thank you for everyone who left Kudos, commented or even subscribed. You all made my month <3

Seance

Chapter Summary

TEAM SASSY SCIENCE FTW

Chapter Notes

I had such a good run with writing and then work happened and killed all my energy. So sorry -.-

Will opened the door to the lab and found himself standing in the dark. He blinked.

He checked his phone and read Beverly's text again.

Lab. Now.

Will got used to the darkness after a few moments and he found a small source of light somewhere in the deepest corner of the lab, out of his line of sight.

"Will? Shut the door and move your ass in here!"

"Beverly?"

"Shh!"

Will frowned. He slowly closed the door behind himself, wondering what he was getting himself into and if he should leave before it happened.

He walked towards the back corner in the lab, past empty examination tables, only led by the weak light he realized was flickering. *Flames?*

He rounded the last corner and stopped in his tracks.

Beverly, Price and Zeller sat on the floor on a blanket, candles all around them, creating a surreal scene in the middle of the sterile surroundings of a crime laboratory.

"What's going on here?" he asked, because his first thought was impossible.

"We're having a Seance," Price said.

Or maybe not so impossible.

Price beamed at him, his cheeks dimpling with his huge smile. Beverly looked amused and Zeller clearly wanted to die right there.

“Okay…. but why?”

“We were making not enough progress in this case and with several of the victims in our morgue we thought…”

“YOU thought,” Zeller interrupted Price. “For the record, I think this is absolutely bonkers and one of his worse ideas.” He looked intently at Will, willing him to believe him.

“I know science tells us there is a lack of empirical evidence, and history is full of scams, but…” His words ended in a few muffled sounds when Zeller pressed his hand to his mouth.

“Just sit down and get this over with.” There was a pleading note to Zeller’s voice and no matter how much he could annoy Will, he took pity on him and sat down on the thick blanket between three huge black candles. There was a small bowl with slices of fresh bread placed in the middle of the blanket.

Beverly looked smug, her dark hair shining golden in the orange light, eyes glittering. She was someone who would do this just to experience it and to have something to tell her kids and grandkids. *You won’t believe it, but that one time we had a seance in the lab to call ghosts, like proper policemen did in my time…*

Will showed her a lopsided grin and she smiled widely, clearly happy that he hadn’t just turned around and left.

“So, what do we need to do to ask the victims about their killer?” Beverly asked Price. She was all business now and Zeller groaned.

“Well, my aunt taught me an easy way to do this. Usually people are seated around a table, but this is fine. We got the candles because spirits seek warmth and light. The bread is meant as a gift. We have to hold hands to form and close a circle that needs to stay connected all through the seance. Only break the contact if the spirit turns threatening and we need to end the seance, or when we are done asking questions.”

There were low desperate sounds from Zeller now and Jimmy shushed him impatiently.

“I have found a summoning that should work. I will call the latest victim as she might still be close to our world. Shush!” He glared at Brian now.

Will barely managed to hide his amusement and Beverly poked him in the side.

“Hands!” Jimmy snapped and Will reflexively gripped Beverly’s and Brian’s hands at his side.

Price examined them with critical eye, pushed one of the candles closer to the middle and when he was happy with the result, he nodded and reached out to Beverly and Brian.

Price closed his eyes and a hushed silence fell over the group. Beverly was leaning forwards, face set in concentration while Zeller dipped his head and stared at the ceiling, his hand twitching in Will's.

"Our beloved Mary Collins, we bring you gifts from life into death. Commune with us, Mary Collins, and move among us."

He kept repeating the sentence, over and over again, a low melodic murmur that seemed to turn into a continuous rumble in Will's head. It was almost hypnotic and Will closed his eyes, not knowing what he was doing, but feeling himself drift into a serene and concentrated state of mind.

He didn't know how long he was floating, but the sound of flickering flames and the feeling of a slight breeze on his skin had him open his eyes. The others had also closed their eyes, Jimmy still reciting, Brian looking asleep rather than deeply concentrated.

The flames kept flicking as if some slight wind was disturbing them. Bizzare shadows were projected on the wall, a creepy play of forms and flickers. A weird smell appeared in the air and Will took a deep breath, trying to identify it.

He was transported back to the crime scene. Mary Collins strapped to the window in her wedding dress, hands and ankles tied to the corners, her head taped to the glass.

That smell. It had been there, he realized, almost overshadowed by the smell of her dead flesh.

It was stronger here now and Will took another breath, mouth slightly open, trying to taste it on his tongue like one of Hannibal's fine wines. He just couldn't pinpoint where he had smelled it before.

There was a low thud somewhere behind him and Will turned his head to stare into the darkness.

Price fell silent.

Will could hear the blood rushing in his ears, his heart beating noticeably against his ribs.

"Don't break the connection," Price whispered.

Beverly's fingers tightened around his hand.

"Mary?" Price called out and Will flinched at the sudden noise and Zeller jerked awake.

There was a second thud. Louder this time, almost ringing into the silent room.

Will was transported back to that one time where his car had been hit by another one at a red light. Someone had missed the red light and tried to stop their car too late, resulting in them bumping into his car from behind with a slight nudge, barely more than a thud in his ears and a light knock against his rear. He'd opened his door to check on the other and the smell had hit him.

Ozone, he realized. From the industrial plant nearby. It had been so strong that he stuck to his clothes and he kept smelling it for days in his car. The weaker the smell got, the less it had smelled like ozone and more like rain on a hot day on dry ground. Petrichor.

The crime scene had smelled like petrichor.

It smelled exactly like that now. Right here.

He knew where they had to look for their killer.

Will turned back to the rest and opened his mouth, but before he could say something Zeller ripped his hand out of his and jumped up.

“Okay, this is creepy and not funny at all. Stop it,” he groused.

Will could still feel where there hands had touched and he realized his palm was damp from Zeller’s sweaty hand. He stared at him where he had stepped out of the circle of the light of the candles, a dark moving form.

The atmosphere was thick and heavy, pressing down on Will’s lungs.

The door to the lab banged open and the bright neon lights jumped to life. From one moment to the next, the air was back to being cold and sterile. Empty.

“Zeller! Price!” Jack Crawford’s loud and booming voice echoed through the lab and Zeller turned around with a high pitched sound.

“It was his idea!” He pointed to Price, who rolled his eyes.

“What the hell is going on here?” Jack bellowed.

“No need to worry and shout, boss. We just had a seance to find the murderer.” Beverly chimed.

“You what?!” Jack stopped and stared at them and the display.

“I know where to find the killer,” Will said into the ringing silence.

“You what?”

“Wait, what?”

“Huh??”

Will shrugged and walked past Jack to get his car keys, expecting the rest of them to follow on his heels right after they recovered from their shock.

Demon

Chapter Summary

A continuation of Chapter 3. Cross Roads, so it probably makes more sense if you've read that chapter.

Will comes to get Hannibal. Or does he?

Chapter Notes

Hope you like this one Vic! x)

Special thanks to Llew, as always, for cheering me on and flailing over the words I write :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The name *Will Graham* was nothing special. Just another name that appeared and vanished in the wide net of Hannibal's life and memories. Unimportant and fleeting.

He started to take notice, when the name seemed to become a regular occurance, popping up here and there in various situations of his life. An article in a magazine he'd subscribed to. Alana mentioning the name in his kitchen. A discussion between colleagues he happened to overhear in passing.

It took him several fruitless attempts to find a more or less decent picture of Will Graham and when he did, he stared at it for several hours, time passing in a blur while he drank in the blurred features of his crossroads demon.

Not coincidences then. Will was sending him a warning that his time was almost up. He wondered if he should try to seek Will out on his own. With him impersonating a public figure he needed a steady address and it should be possible to find him. He decided against it. The demon would come to him when the time was right.

Then Jack Crawford appeared on his doorstep to ask him for his help with Will Graham.

Will had placed himself in Hannibal's path on purpose. They would meet. He skipped dinner that night, sitting on his couch with a bottle of red wine, his mind fruitlessly trying to come up with a feeling over the prospect that his life might be over soon.

Relief? Fear? Anger?

Curious. Expectant. Eager.

Hannibal had lived his life like Will had told him to do.

He had *enjoyed* living his life. The world had so much beauty to offer, and Hannibal had immersed himself in all of it. He'd travelled far, lived in many different places, educated and carefree. He loved surrounding himself with beauty and elegance, good food, culture and he gave back to the world as a surgeon and a psychiatrist albeit with his own goals in mind.

It hadn't taken him long to realize what Will would get out of the deal.

With every dead body Hannibal left behind, his worth for the spawn of Hell would rise. He'd killed, tortured, celebrated the deaths and cannibalized countless people without remorse or hesitance. Will had protected him well. After a first rocky start in Italy, when Hannibal had been young and reckless and the Italian investigator breathing down his neck, he'd never been at risk of getting arrested.

Will would get a soul that was well worth the wait.

For a moment, Hannibal wondered if he was ready to let go of all of this already. With his excellent health and the amount of care he took of his body, he'd be able to live well into his nineties and would be able to rid the world of unkind and rude people for at least another thirty years.

He would ask Will, why he was coming to get him so early.

They day he was supposed to meet Will for the second time in his life was filled with nervous anticipation. He was almost back in Italy many years ago, memorizing the spell and ritual, not knowing what would be expected of him.

Would Will take him right there in Jack's office? Would he pretend he didn't know Hannibal until they were alone?

When Hannibal finally entered the office, Jack and Will were already there.

Will's presence was like a furnace in the room. Heat was radiating so strong that it almost burned through his clothes and he wondered how Jack couldn't tell all the things that were *wrong* with the figure sitting in front of him. Hannibal took a deep breath to center himself and attempt to act normal. It took almost inhuman strength to turn his back to Will, acting interested in the case, to keep from staring and drinking him in.

As expected, Will didn't show any reaction upon seeing him. He acted sourly, tense and annoyed, just like he was supposed to in his situation and with his history.

Hannibal was way too fascinated to be disappointed. When Will finally looked at him, their eyes meeting while he ranted about how distracting eyes were, he wanted to drown in those orbs.

The room turned colder by several degrees once Will had stormed out and Hannibal felt bereft. He barely heard Jack's words before he left.

Hannibal knew now that he would have no problem leaving this world, letting his existence end here. He realized how *bored* he'd been these last years. Settled and full. Sated.

That evening he sat at his dining table, enjoying that young girl's freshly cooked lungs with a smile, entirely convinced that the next days would be a marvellous journey full of surprises.

He was entirely unsurprised when Jack had to cancel the next morning to send Hannibal on his own to Will and the investigation. He had no doubt who was responsible for that sudden appointment. He would be alone with Will and Hannibal was looking forward to it very much.

Will opened the door in a white shirt and his underwear. He looked tousled and harmless, almost adorable. He was still keeping up the illusion, but two could play this game, so Hannibal played along.

Hannibal only paused when Will took the first bite of his cooked sausage; the pleasure of seeing Will eat and enjoy something he hunted, killed and prepared was unexpected in its strength.

"Mmh, this is delicious, thank you."

"My pleasure."

"Who was it?"

Hannibal didn't miss a beat. "A banker who sold me bad stocks and had no scruple conning those who trusted him."

"I see. It's really good. You turned into an excellent cook." Will kept eating and made appreciative noises, the prickly demeanor of Will replaced by something smooth and more openly dangerous.

Hannibal almost preened under the praise. He'd never had the chance to actually talk to someone about his skills including the special brand of meat he used.

Once Will had finished his plate, he reached across the tiny table and took Hannibal's bowl, uncaring and rude, but Hannibal simply smiled, unable to be offended by a supernatural being enjoying his food so much.

He had the feeling he'd let Will do whatever he liked and still be entirely charmed by him.

"Why this charade?" he asked while he watched WIll chase the last crumbs of sausage.

Will pushed his empty plate away and leaned back, stretching, the white shirt hugging his surprisingly firm form. There was a pleased grin on his face.

“Will Graham was a fascinating man. He had the potential to be something dark and glorious. I just brought him here, to cross your path. Spice up things again. Also, sometimes life in the corporal world is more fun,” he grinned, teeth sharp, eyes burning.

They stared at each other and Hannibal felt his curiosity soar.

“What happened to Will Graham?”

“Stabbed by a lowly criminal in New Orleans. Unworthy,” he scoffed. “He was destined for so much more, so I kinda saved him.”

Hannibal cocked an eyebrow.

"He still rides along. He's surprisingly fun and his running commentary on everything is quite amusing. He likes you even though he would never admit it."

Hannibal thought about this.

“You appeared to me with his face almost 30 years ago.”

The demon grinned. “Aren’t your notebooks filled with equations about time and its reversal? You should know that time is just a human construct. It has no weight and doesn’t matter for me. And Will wanted to meet you.” He grinned sharply, his eyes turning distant for a split of a second.

“Why going through all this when you could just take me in my sleep?” Hannibal finally asked, deciding that the topic Will Graham could wait for a bit.

Will was suddenly leaning forward, speed too quick to be human, eyes flashing black.

“You stopped being *interesting*,” he hissed sharply.

“Living here, settling down, getting *cozy*.” He waved his hands in the general direction of everything. “No designs, no displays, no taunting the police.” He pulled a face. “Simply serving human flesh to your guests is such a low goal. Not nearly close enough to what you could really do.”

“Instead I get sneaky kills, shadow hunts and nightly cowardly disposals,” he scoffed. “What worth has our contract when there is nothing to do for me to protect you from? The FBI thinks you’re dead or in jail for something else because the Chesapeake Ripper has vanished.”

Hannibal leaned away and cocked his head, feeling the heat soar in the room and the first hints of sulfur in the air.

“You’re not here to take me with you,” he stated.

There was a smirk on Will’s face now.

“Look who’s smart. No, I’m not. I’m here to push you out of your newly discovered comfort zone. Spice up your life, to say it with modern terms. You’re of no use to me hiding in your big house and your fancy office.”

Hannibal felt a stab of indignation. He surely wasn’t that bad. He was still killing regularly, he just wasn’t putting on the big displays anymore.

“You know how it will end, don’t you?” he realized.

“Let’s not get into the details. We’re gonna have some fun for a few years. You and I together. And Will. There will be a lot of blood.”

The last words were whispered and Hannibal felt them run down his spine ice cold and hot at the same time.

“So what happens now?”

“Now?” Will got up from the creaky chair and Hannibal reflexively mirrored the movement, refusing to look up to the bigger predator in the room.

“Now we renew the deal.”

Hannibal could actually feel himself blush, his thoughts immediately back in Italy, the kiss and how Will had tasted, how young and excited he’d been.

He stepped closer, looking down into deeply grey-blue eyes, sharp and calculating.

“What if I refuse?” he murmured.

“Will you?” Will smiled.

He took the last step and reached out. One hand gripped his lapels while the other buried itself in Hannibal’s hair, fingers tightening painfully, pulling Hannibal’s head down, crushing their mouths together. He parted his lips for Will’s insistent tongue, hot and slick. He tasted the meat he’d eaten and Hannibal couldn’t contain the low sound escaping his throat. Sharp teeth nicked his lips and he drew back, taking a deep breath to center himself.

Will grinned. “We should go. There’s a Shrike to catch and some blood to spill.”

Hannibal smiled.

Chapter End Notes

I’ll probably write two more for the prompts as wished by Vic in the comments. Buckle up for Witch’s Brew and Leaf Piles and then I’ll close this prompt collection until I got more time to write and inspiration strikes. Or if someone else has more wishes ;)

Witch's Brew

Chapter Summary

Let's add some Bedelia to the mix plus a surprise guest ;)

Chapter Notes

Slowly changing the theme from Halloween to more Christmassy things, because this whole prompt thing took me so long XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a quiet winter night. Fresh snow covered the streets and sidewalks, still undisturbed and white. Yards and houses were covered in fairy lights and gaudy blinking displays. The shine bathed the still city in colourful lights and the light pollution had the low hanging clouds appear in a cheerful orange. It was bright enough to not need any of the street lamps to orientate. Christmas songs sounded somewhere in the city.

A figure wrapped in a thick coat and stylish hat made their way carefully along snow covered roads. The heavy bag over their shoulder was gripped tight with gloved hands. A broad cashmere scarf was wrapped artfully around their throat, pulled up to hide half of the face. It was cold.

They had no eyes for the beauty of the night, annoyed at the missing snow plows and unsalted ways.

The houses became bigger and placed further apart with every minute they walked. More elaborate front lawns surrounded the houses, clearly tended by gardeners, but now covered in thick layers of white. The amount of decorations became fewer, but more tasteful, less overbearing.

It started to snow gently and the world became even more silent, every sound swallowed by the falling flakes. The soft whisper when they made contact with the ground was drowned out by the hard and crisp sound of boots making their way further down the road through frozen snow.

By now the houses had turned into huge villas surrounded by park-like grounds and finally the lone shape left the road and moved up a long driveway.

When they finally entered their house there was a thin layer of snow that had accumulated on their clothes and hat.

“You’re late.”

Bedelia DuMaurier turned around from where she had hung up her coat and glared at the uninvited visitor.

“And you’re intruding in my house.”

She took her bag with a huff, frowning at the snow that had fallen off of her and onto her polished floor.

Bedelia stalked past the intruder into her kitchen, her high heels clacking loudly in the silent house.

“You haven’t even put up any Christmas decorations. You’re such a bore.”

Bedelia put her bag to the counter with more force than necessary, the contents clinking together with alarming sounds, before opening one of her cupboards to retrieve a big silver pot.

“You better bring some useful news to justify this disturbance of my perfectly fine and peaceful evening.”

“Uh huuu... Delia, you need to relax.”

Beverly Katz jumped up to sit on the huge kitchen table. She crossed her legs and placed her elbow on her knee, her chin on her hand and regarded the woman.

“I’ve visited Will today. He told me to stay away from Hannibal Lecter.”

Bedelia stopped in her movements for a moment, before she continued to open cupboards, taking out measuring cups and small packages of spices.

“I see. We arrived at the critical point then.”

Beverly stayed silent at that, contemplating, almost brooding.

“You know….”

“No. Don’t start again. Hannibal Lecter is a monster and he needs to be locked away for good and Will Graham needs to stay where he is. In jail.” She pulled a bottle of red wine from her bag and slammed it on the counter.

“Just because he reminds you of a guy who burned innocent women four hundred years ago, doesn’t mean he also deserves to be hunted.”

Bedelia turned around and stared at her.

"*He eats people*," she said slowly and with emphasis as if Beverly was a slow child.

She threw her hands in the air. "So what? We've done equally outrageous things in our wild times. Do you remember in June 1676? That day with the ship and...,"

"Those were other times!" she interrupted with a hiss.

"Then why haven't you done anything against him? He's a man and you're a powerful witch. It wouldn't even take you a day to create a spell that has him vanish off the face off the earth without a trace. Instead we're here, plotting and scheming and hiding in the shadows in an attempt to get him into an ordinary human jail. Which got the wrong man into jail, btw. Which I'm still cross about. I like Will."

Bedelia glared into the pot while she poured the bottle of wine into it and started adding spices.

"You're scared of him," Beverly finally said after a long silence. "Why? You're never scared of anything. Hell, *you* are one of the scariest people I know."

Bedelia sighed and her stony face relaxed around the eyes.

"I believe Hannibal Lecter is not the simple man we believed him to be."

Beverly leaned forward, suddenly excited.

"He might be a Wendigo."

Beverly's eyes went wide. "No way!"

"Stop sounding so excited. Wendigo's are one of the few creatures that still roam the earth unhindered and they're powerful. We can't kill him. The only way I can think of is starving him by cutting off his supply of human meat and the best way to do that is getting him into jail."

She put the pot on the oven and switched on one of the heating plates before she started to cut one of the oranges she had bought.

"What do you want me to do?"

"*You* listen to Will Graham and stay away from Hannibal Lecter. I am not eager to start a resurrection ritual for you, especially as he tends to take parts to eat which would make the whole process even more tedious and messy. Or do I have to remind you what happened the last time in Santiago?"

Beverly wrapped her arms around her torso, the memory still painful. Fucking goblins.

"Yeah, no, okay, I get it. Don't visit Hannibal Lecter."

Beverly looked doubtful, but continued to cut fruits. She added the slices to the slowly heating wine.

“We need a way to get Jack Crawford to finally believe Will,” Beverly groused.

“Will won’t be in jail for too long,” Bedelia said. “I don’t think Hannibal realized how deep his attachment goes. He has no idea how to deal with the fact that he loves this man. He’s lonely and will get him out of jail soon. What we have to do is make sure that while doing this he compromises himself.”

“Mmmh,” Beverly replied, which caused Bedelia to glare at her.

Beverly lifted her hands in defeat. “Sorry, sorry! I still think that Will and Hannibal are cute together and Will would, maybe, reel the monster in and keep him on a short leash.”

Bedelia narrowed her eyes but let it go. Beverly was always so sentimental and emotional in the worst way. Soft.

“We will wait for his next move. My guess is, he will act during the trial to prove Graham’s innocence. We will see how we can use that against him. Maybe Crawford finally wakes up. I will do a ritual to finally help him see.”

“Is that what you’re doing there?” Beverly jumped off the table and walked close to peer into the pot.

“This? No, this is spiced heated wine because I need something that is quicker than simply wine to get through this life. I can’t wait to change name and start somewhere else.”

Beverly cackled and elbowed the other witch into the side.

“You’re always so melodramatic, Delia.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know it wasn't Christmas when Will was in jail and got visited by Beverly, sue me x)

Leaf Piles

Chapter Summary

A storm moves over Wolftrap and Will Graham says goodbye.

Chapter Notes

This is the last chapter of this series of prompts. Thank you so much to everyone who read, left Kudos and commented (especially you Vic!). I love you all and I'm happy you all loved these short fics and ficlets.

Thank you, Llew, for encouraging me, for cheering me on and for all the flails you did over my words. Love you so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will pulled his jacket's collar up to his ears and ducked his head into it in an attempt to escape the sharp winds howling across the fields. His woollen hat barely seemed to stop the cold air from biting into his scalp and he felt a sharp spike of a headache building in his forehead.

It was three in the afternoon, but the clouds were dark, almost black, and the world was doused in a weird dark blue, even greenish hue. The sky hung low, moving in incredible speed over his head while appearing to almost touch the bent tops of the trees at the horizon. The atmosphere was fast, hurried and unstable. Will shivered.

Leaves whirled past him, dark shapes twirling in the air, the dry rustling sounds of them hitting the ground and each other barely audible over the loud storm.

The last few leaves still desperately clinging to their branches had no chance against the force of the sharp gusts and were ripped away to join the endless amount on the ground and in the air.

Will's dogs hated the storm, but they loved chasing after the leaves dancing through the air in front of their snouts. He watched amused how they jumped into the largest piles collecting in places the wind had lost its grip on them.

Clouds of leaves burst into the air just to be tackled by the next burst of wind and carried away quickly.

A new strong gust brought a change in smell.

Will turned his face into the wind and took a deep breath.

He smelled snow and frost now.

From one moment to the next the storm had changed its character from an autumn storm to an early winter one. The seasons were changing and the year was ending.

So much had happened.

Will watched a leaf caught in a rotating whirlwind, jumping back and forth, dancing in circles, falling and rising suddenly, powerless in its journey without direction, without goal.

He had felt like that leaf for the better part of his life, when his father had died, when he moved from New Orleans to Baltimore and even more so in these last years. Powerless. Not in control. Aimless. Following forces guiding him along paths he couldn't see or influence. Sometimes he'd been allowed to rest in one of those leaf piles. It had felt secure and stable, but just a small thing here or there could uproot him again, throwing him back into the storm.

Winston dove head on into one of the biggest piles, dispersing many of the leaves into the air and the surrounding space.

He imagined Hannibal had had the same effect on Will's life. He definitely hadn't left anything and anyone where it had been previously, plowing through the calm pile like a winter storm. Or a dog.

Will smiled at the comparison. Hannibal would pull up his eyebrow in indignation and polite outrage.

He buried his hands deeper in his pockets and turned around, making his way back towards his house. The dogs caught up on his change of direction and started bouncing after him yipping and barking.

The howling wind was now coming from behind him, pushing against his back, a pressure urging him forwards, but sparing his face and frozen nose. It was more bearable now and less cold.

Leaves rushed past him, followed by racing dogs and in the distance, he spotted his house.

He hadn't switched on his lights this time, so the house was an undefined grey shape in the distance and the sight caused an ache in his chest. It felt final and like a goodbye.

This house had been one of his resting spots; the leaf left in peace and quiet for a while.

Will sighed deeply.

He will miss it.

Something cold hit his cheek and Will blinked into the dwindling daylight.

Another snowflake landed on his face and he smiled. The first snowfall of the year was always something special. It still caused that childish wonder in him, before the thoughts of icy roads and heating bills soured the joy.

He looked behind himself into the distance and watched a wall of white flurries crash into the world like an avalanche with a vengeance.

Will started jogging carefully on slippery paths. He had no intention of getting wet and having to clean and dry the dogs more than he already had to.

Buster barked in joy and started racing towards the house, vanishing in the high grass somewhere ahead of him while Winston and the others stayed around him. He'd made it clear that they would be coming with them if at all possible.

The dark shape of Hannibal's car in front of his house hurried his steps and his heart. His breath fogged in front of his face by the time he made it back and the wind carried the first waves of tiny snowflakes.

Buster was dancing around Hannibal's still figure, begging for his usual treats, but he didn't dare to jump up on his legs when Hannibal refused to move. Will wasn't sure how he had taught him to not do it, but it must have been the only time in his life Buster actually learned a lesson and kept it.

Will stopped his run and stared at the man, the burning in his lungs not entirely to be blamed on his run.

The wind whipped Hannibal's coat around his legs in sudden and erratic movements, his hair a moving mass. He looked like an avenging specter, waiting for Will to make his decision.

The man had uprooted his life like the current storm uprooted the leaf piles around his house, whirled him into the air, leaving him tumbling and almost ripped apart.

But Will hadn't ripped. He'd bowed around the force of the gusts, flexed his form, changed his approach and now he wasn't a helpless leaf anymore.

He was a paper plane, gliding in the air. Hannibal was still a storm, his being an unmeasurable force, but now Will was able to withstand his pressure and might, floating and soaring along ever changing directions and flying on his own when the wind lessened for a while. In the end, Hannibal had become so predictable that Will felt like gliding on a smooth breeze.

Will started to stride across the road towards Hannibal, confident and sure.

"All ready?" he asked when he was close enough to be heard over the whistling and groaning winds.

Hannibal nodded, his face pulled into a smile.

"I estimate we have two days before Jack will be on our heels and that is more than enough. The van for the dogs will be here in less than an hour."

Will stepped right into Hannibal's space, their thick coats brushing against each other and when their eyes met, the sounds of the world around them quietened. His heart was beating heavily in his chest and Will slowly reached out, pushing Hannibal's wild fringe back over his head.

"Thank you," he simply said, the sounds ripped away by the storm, but Hannibal nodded, eyes soft.

The snow had started to fall heavy all around them, circling them, and it didn't take long before a layer was piling on both of their shoulders and still they stood there, looking at each other, taking each other in and the enormity of what they were planning to do.

It was Buster who broke them apart, jumping up against Will's legs in impatience.

Will stepped back and towards his house. Most of the stuff he actually wanted to keep was packed in two suitcases that easily fit into the Bentley's trunk.

It felt final.

It felt *good*.

The car was warm and cozy and smelled like Hannibal. There would be a boat waiting at the coast for them, while the dogs would make their way across the country. They would meet again in a few weeks.

Confident that he left enough instructions for whoever would care for them in the meantime and that Hannibal would only pick someone suitable, he leaned back against the soft leather seats and closed his eyes.

He drifted off to the soft sound of violins and let himself be carried by Hannibal's wind.

Chapter End Notes

THIS IS IT.

What a ride and what a pleasure to write for these prompts. I should probably do more writing for prompts instead of starting long ass stories I take years to finish XDD

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!